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Middle Eastern Cross-purposes

THANKS to the personal intervention of Sir Stafford Cripps, Britain and Israel have reached a final settlement of all outstanding financial problems. The dreary sheets of claims and counter-claims, which a few weeks ago were expected by both sides to keep the negotiators busy for many years, have been torn up. British claims, which exceeded £45 millions, have been peremptorily scaled down by the Chancellor; and the Israeli offer to pay a lump sum of just over £11 millions has been accepted as the fitting end to a feud which has had disastrous consequences for both sides. When we remember that, just fourteen months ago, British sailors at Malta were manning action stations and the newspaper headlines were screeching "Jewish Reds shoot down British planes," the generosity of this settlement seems all the more remarkable. Sir Stafford has swallowed Mr. Bevin's pride and decided to atone for past misdeeds by a signal act of statesmanship.

Unfortunately, the story does not end here. On the very day when the financial settlement was announced, Mr. Bevin made a statement on the Haifa refineries. In fairness it must be said that the Foreign Secretary was far from well and that he only turned his attention to Middle Eastern affairs when he was obviously exhausted by his reply to Mr. Churchill's speech on Germany. Nevertheless, when all allowances are made, it must be admitted that his words could not have been worse chosen. Indeed they revealed that, whatever the Treasury may do to obliterate the past, the Foreign Office has neither learnt nor forgotten anything. Mr. Bevin's wild allegations about the Jews and strenuous support for the Arab extremists neatly cancelled out the effect in Tel Aviv of Sir Stafford's generosity, and revived the hope in every Arab capital that Britain will permit a second attempt to destroy Israel by force of arms.

On the particular issue of the Haifa refineries, Mr. Bevin declared that Iraq has a perfect right to refuse to pass oil down the pipe-line, and that he could do nothing to alter this decision. Yet he is still permitting the sale of arms to Iraq; and a few weeks ago Britain lent her £3 millions on the security of the oil royalties! As for the Egyptian embargo on the passage of tankers through the Suez canal, whose legality Mr. Eden had challenged, Mr. Bevin took up the cudgels for the Egyptian Government and pleaded the cogency of their case for stopping British ships! For nearly a year we have been repeatedly assured that every form of diplomatic pressure was being used to obtain the co-operation of Egypt and Iraq in the assumption of work at Haifa. Mr. Bevin showed only too clearly that he is still far more interested in thwarting Israel than in stopping an oil embargo costing us 50 million American dollars a year.

The dispute about Haifa, however, is only one aspect of the Middle Eastern problem. Last week Jordan, the only Arab State over which Britain still exerts much control, was very near to signing the peace treaty with Israel which is essential to the economic recovery of both countries. At the last moment, under direct threats from the Arab League, Abdullah was persuaded to draw back. The League, of course, is a creature of British policy, and the only item of agreement among its members has been its opposition to Zionism. The break-away of Jordan on this issue would have meant the collapse of the League and the likelihood that each Arab State would make a separate peace with Israel. It is difficult to see why Britain should regard this as a danger. By arming the Arab States and refusing to sell a single rifle to Israel, by continuing his support of the League and repeating his charge that the Israeli are the main obstacles to peace, the Foreign Secretary is not only making nonsense of Sir Stafford's financial settlement, but rendering impossible the Arab-Jewish co-operation which he says that he desires.

Mr. Bevin, of course, is not solely to blame for all this. The official whose advice proved so disastrous right up to the end of the Mandate is still in charge of the Middle Eastern Department of the Foreign Office; and an ex-Palestinian official, who is scarcely *persona grata* in Tel Aviv, has been appointed to take charge of Israeli affairs. In the Foreign Office nothing succeeds like failure. It is high time that Mr. Attlee intervened to achieve some sort of coherence in our Middle Eastern policy. If Mr. Bevin expresses the Cabinet's view, then Sir Stafford's financial generosity to Israel was not only reckless waste of money but a gross breach of the Cabinet's pro-Arab line. If Sir Stafford is right in his assumption that Israel is a sound British investment, then the Foreign Office should be told to desist from its vendetta and to pay some regard to British interests and to Cabinet policy.

Unreal Integration—

The only point of importance arising from last week's meeting at Strasbourg of the 13 Foreign Ministers of the Council of Europe is that they decided to do nothing towards giving the Council "executive teeth." Early in March, the General Affairs Committee of the Council, presided over by Prime Minister Bidault, recommended the formation of a Ministerial committee which should have executive powers. But Mr. Bevin's recommendations, which were substantially accepted, provided only for a new committee, composed of four Foreign Ministers and five rank-and-file Council members, which should study how the Council and the existing Ministerial Committee could work more closely and effectively together. This new body is to be of a purely consultative character.

Apart from that—and the expected invitation to the Bonn Government and the Saar to join as associate members—the Ministers were prolific only of words of good will and ways of seeming to make much out of little. "Economic integration" is to remain the business of the many international committees working under O.E.E.C.'s roof in Paris. New committees are to study means of accepting (or not accepting) the Council's European Bill of Human Rights, ways of extending the Brussels Pact to all Council members (including, presumably, the Bonn Government), and hopes of closer cultural co-operation.

It is hard to see how Mr. Bevin could have agreed to more. None of the enthusiasts at Strasbourg for "federal government now" have yet explained how political unity is to prevail over the economic rivalries which are inseparable from a capitalist Europe. *Qui dit fédération*, said Jacques Bainville long ago, *dit fédérateur*. What system of political, social, and economic ideas is to govern this hypothetical federation of Western Europe? Obviously not, as things are now, that of Socialism. And if not, then upon what basis is federation thinkable other than that—for instance—of a monstrous network of international cartels?

—and Real

Integration of a much more serious and painstaking quality meanwhile continues quietly within the framework of the Atlantic Pact. A point of arrival and departure was reached last week-end at The Hague. The Pact's defence committee, consisting of the eleven Ministers of Defence (Iceland having none), considered and approved what is described as "a secret plan".

This is the product of months of hard work by the numerous international military committees which operate within the North Atlantic Treaty organisation. It appears to be a statement of strategic principles coupled with a list of priorities in war production and targets to be reached within the next few years. To that extent, no doubt, this plan is merely a logical extension of obligations already established by the Pact. What needs to be emphasised is that international military planning of this order, proceeding necessarily in secret but proceeding cumulatively, is bound to exercise a growing influence on the foreign policies and practices of diplomacy of the Atlantic Powers.

It is bound to influence domestic affairs, for example, by the limits which it places on individual national disarmament. It is bound to give each partner—and above all the United States—a jealous interest in the political condition of the other partners. For what is now to operate is not simply a military alliance of the usual kind, but a system of military co-ordination reaching down into the vitals of the member-countries' economies. What attitudes this is likely to promote is suggested superficially by reports that American military leaders are disquieted by the prospect of passing information through the hands of Mr. Strachey, the British Minister of War, because "he was a Communist some years ago." The generals, in fact, are likely to find themselves able to decide more and more. It is now reported, as a beginning, that they have recommended that Western Germany should be brought within the Atlantic defence system. Do the peoples of Western Europe really think a Western German army would be good for them? It is by no means clear that they are going to be asked.

The Chancellor's Surplus

Thanks to the buoyancy of the revenue, the national accounts for 1949-50 have come out somewhat better than the Chancellor expected a year ago. At £3,375 millions, expenditure exceeded the original estimates by £67 millions; but revenue, at £3,924 millions, surpassed the forecast by £146 millions. Thus the ordinary surplus, at £549 millions, was practically £80 millions bigger than expected; and, after allowing for a net "below the line" expenditure of £487 millions (including £268 millions for loans to local authorities and £174 millions for war damage), the "over-all surplus" was £62 millions, as compared with an estimate of £14 millions.

Income tax produced £52 millions less and Customs £16 millions less than expected, but other revenue items did better than the estimates; there were surpluses of £57 millions on profits tax, £43 millions on Excise, and £94 millions on miscellaneous receipts, including those from the sale of surplus stores. All in all, Sir Stafford can fairly assert that his intention, a year ago, to apply a further moderate dose of disinflation was carried out fully in practice.

The Shape of the Budget

With the problem which confronts Sir Stafford in the coming year, we hope to deal more fully next week. If it be assumed that there is no material change in the consolidated fund services, he will have to meet expenditure of roughly £3,450 millions. What is his revenue likely to be on the basis of existing taxation? The full effect of last year's tax remissions will cost him about £65 millions, and he will get probably £10 millions less from the Special Contribution. He may also think it prudent to budget for a further fall in non-tax receipts. Against this, the estimated expansion in the gross national product should be reflected in a natural rise in the tax yield—certainly so far as direct taxes are concerned; the yield from duties on beer and tobacco is more doubtful. On the whole, it appears reasonable to forecast that the Chancellor can budget, on existing taxes, for a revenue of approximately this year's figure, namely, £3,925 millions.

This would give him a margin of £475 millions on the "above the line" accounts. As for the "below the line" payments, there will presumably be a drop of well over £100 millions next year in war damage liability. If so, the "over-all" surplus in sight would be of the order of £100 millions—a figure which would represent a needlessly disinflationary policy.

The Wages Front

Apart from Sir Stafford Cripps, the Minister who has to carry the heaviest load of problems over the Easter period is Mr. George Isaacs. For the moment, the situation in the London docks is easier; the unofficial port workers' committee has called off the ban on overtime which was imposed as a protest against the expulsion from the Transport Workers' Union of three dockers who were prominent in last year's big strikes. But this issue is not closed, and the stevedores are up in arms against the proposals of Shaw, Savill and Albion to give permanent employment on "dockers' terms" to a number of gangs from mid-April onwards. They regard this both as an attack on their own union and as a threat to dock workers' freedom to choose their employment.

A much more urgent problem arises from the Ministry of Labour's intervention in the engineers' wages dispute. Last week, the Ministry wrote to the Confederation suggesting that the pending strike ballot appeared possibly to violate arbitration procedure. The National Arbitration Order makes any strike illegal unless twenty-one days' notice has been given to the Minister. It is by no means certain that the engineers will accept this argument, since they can fairly claim that a vote on strike action would be "advisory" rather than "mandatory," and that in any case the leadership would not actually call the strike without the prescribed notice. If the Ministry is represented at a meeting between the unions and the employers' Federation, does it propose to persuade the employers to modify their previous rejection of the wage claim? Or will this week's meeting be merely a means of postponing the issue until after the Budget?

The Future of Broadcasting

The evidence presented to the Beveridge Committee by a Fabian research group (*Fabian Society*: 1s.) contains some imaginative proposals. It rejects, rightly, any idea of commercial radio in this country, even as a supplement to public service broadcasting: Gresham's Law would soon apply if the B.B.C. had to compete with sponsored programmes. But it also urges the abolition of the present B.B.C. monopoly, pointing out that Broadcasting House has things very much its own way, that there is no alternative employment for either the professional or the outsider who for one reason or another cannot get along with the Corporation, nor competitive diversity for the listener.

The group therefore proposes that the B.B.C. should be replaced by a series of smaller corporations, one of which should be responsible for a National programme, replacing the Light, and "for a minority programme on the lines of the present Third." Another corporation would

take over all overseas broadcasting; television would be placed in the hands of a third body; and a fourth would be charged "with developing broadcasting autonomy as soon as possible in the existing Regions and London Region."

This approach seems the right one, although the hiving-off of television is open to argument. The crux of the scheme lies in the promotion of more local broadcasting, especially through the creation of a network of frequency-modulation transmitters, which are inexpensive and ideally suited to ownership by local authorities, universities and similar public bodies. This not only solves the wavelength shortage, but it would also serve to bring radio back into much more intimate touch with community life.

Both television and F.M. are in their infancy, and this is the moment to make any necessary changes. Naturally, the B.B.C. will be as reluctant as any monopoly to accept changes. But the upheaval involved is by no means as great as it might seem at first. Local F.M. stations would certainly be in the interest of the listener, the radio employee and the outside talent which seeks access to the air.

Léon Blum

It was a strange accident that immediately before his death Léon Blum should have written a moving personal tribute to his friend Professor Laski, who had so closely shared his opinions and ideals. Like Laski, he was a Jew, a humanist and a Marxist who tried to provide his party with a philosophy which would enable it to win the class-war without the catastrophe of Communist revolution in a Western democratic country. Unlike Laski, Blum was a politician who, in office, had the chance of putting his theories to the test. The French Socialist Party, however, has had far less chance of success than the British Labour movement since it has throughout its history been primarily a party of middle-class Marxists, divorced from the Trade Union movement.

Blum was an intellectual, sportsman and aesthete; he was also a master of the French language, both as a speaker and writer. He gradually emerged as leader of the Socialist Party after the murder of Jean Jaurès; but it was not until 1936 that, as Prime Minister of the first Popular Front Government, Blum finally discarded the purism of the Socialist Party which had so long avoided the taint of working with capitalist parties. Though the workers gained much industrial ground during his period of office, Blum found no solution for France's economic difficulties; when he proposed "non-intervention" in Spain he made a calamitous error. In 1940, when he already foresaw the coming disaster in France, Blum attended the Labour Party Conference at Bournemouth; there the great decision was made to join Churchill in an effort to reverse the policies which, under Chamberlain, had brought us to the very edge of the abyss. Those who heard him will not forget the immense impression of Blum's appeal for Anglo-French solidarity. His greatest moment, however, was to come when, with German approval, he was tried at Riom by the Pétain Government on a charge of leading France into war against Germany. His courage and intellectual supremacy during the trial, when as a Frenchman and a Jew he represented civilisation against the Nazis, gave him a prestige which brought him out of the retirement he had chosen after the war. Elected Prime Minister almost by acclamation, he found himself once again confronted with insoluble problems. This time the failure of Social-Democracy to produce a positive and dynamic policy involved surrender to the Right, just as before the war its weakness had enabled the Communists to seize leadership of the working classes. The conflicts of heart as well as the brilliant qualities of intellect which have typified twentieth century France were both exemplified in Léon Blum.

The Snow-white De Gaullists

Our Paris correspondent writes :

Mr. Churchill's speech in favour of German rearmament has brought into much clearer focus the alignment of the political forces in Western Europe. The only favourable response to his speech in France has come from the de Gaullists, whereas the M.R.P.—M. Bidault's party—were frankly horrified. M. Maurice Schumann, voicing democratic Catholic opinion in *L'Aube*, attacked Mr. Churchill as viciously as his Christian conscience would permit him. There are growing signs of a renewed *rapprochement* between Bidault's M.R.P. and the Socialists ; and, having become thoroughly scared of Churchill's ideas on foreign policy, the M.R.P. are clearly seeking a closer understanding with the British Labour Party. Significantly, *L'Aube* has been looking hard for pro-M.R.P. comments in the British Labour press !

The nearest French equivalent of the Churchillian Conservatives are the de Gaullists, and the suggestion in some London newspapers, that Bidault is merely keeping the seat warm for de Gaulle, is as much a piece of Conservative wishful thinking as the suggestion that de Gaulle's "presidential republic" is something different from Fascism is a piece of eyewash. It is also curious to observe that most of the British press has been careful to ignore the most fantastic episode on the Committee of Inquiry into the Peyré scandal. It was when, the other day, Peyré's brother, in giving evidence, produced a personal letter sent to Peyré in Brazil on January 6 by M. Castellani, a Gaullist member of the Committee of Inquiry that was questioning him at that very moment on his brother's misdeeds !

"*Mon cher ami*," it said, "You've done well to get away." It thanked Peyré for his New Year greetings, and sent the adventurer "most cordial greetings" in return, besides the information that, at the end of January, the Bidault Government would fall. And then there was a delightful P.S. : "Please send some South-American postage stamps for the children." Considering that M. Castellani was one of the de Gaullist members of the Committee who, in the name of high de Gaullist morality, was most eager to sink all kinds of important people of the IVth Republic for their alleged contacts with Peyré, the episode is a particularly fruity one, and the "South American stamps for the children" has already helped to turn de Gaulle's R.P.F. into the *Rassemblement des Philatélistes Français*.

PARLIAMENT : Seven and Twenty-one

Tuesday.

LOYALTY in the Parliamentary Labour Party means neither docility nor rigid self-discipline. To secure universal obedience or clockwork efficiency requires a certain amount of organising skill and discretion. Last Wednesday the Government Whips did not display either discretion or organising skill. Within 24 hours the "loyal" atmosphere I described last week was shattered first by two incidents, one involving seven, and the other twenty-one Labour M.P.s. (It's doubtful whether the Government could have avoided a defeat anyway.)

Brockway was traditionally correct to air a grievance on the Second Reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill. There would be no division, and others waited in the queue with a variety of topics. However, though a dozen Labour Members wanted to speak on Seretse, the two Chief Whips and the Speaker (who can refuse a closure) were in agreement that it was time for bed. The Leader of the House was absent. The reaction to Mr. Whiteley's closure was a revolt of backbenchers. Forcing his own Chief's hand, Quintin Hogg led 69 Tories to join 5 Liberals and 6 Socialists in the Lobby, with Mikardo and Grimond acting as tellers. Many who were passionately concerned about Seretse and the right to speak were restrained by knowing that revolt was a luxury the Party could no longer afford.

Seven in defiance, however, was sufficient to revive the old bitterness: who was trading on whose loyalty? Here was a typical bunch of journalist-intellectuals, with space enough to spread their views, wide open to the accusation of publicity-seeking and the innuendo that they felt themselves too important to be disciplined—relying, as usual, on the humble majority to save them from the consequences of their own actions. On the other hand, was it not unprecedented to gag debate on the redress of wrongs? Must Labour Members accept unquestioningly everything the Government did in the House, confining all protests to party meetings? Whoever rebels knows that the Executive can refuse his re-endorsement without serious repercussions, for under no present circumstances will there be a majority vote against the leaders on anything.

The position was further confused twenty-two hours later. The Whips, muddling along as if they had a big majority and lacking any intelligence service, failed to make any deduction from the Tory request for the adjournment motion or even from the Liberal spokesman's expressed yearning for a division. As late as 7.30 Members were told that there would be no division and some were on the point of leaving for a breather when struck by the sudden influx of Tories. Tory Whips with military backgrounds kept good "security" on the information that they had verbally converted a two-liner into a three-liner.

The Prime Minister, rising above the occasion, was at his best on the morrow. He treated the occasion for what it was: the Opposition giving the Old Man his bit of fun. But Mr. Attlee is as aware of the seriousness of the lapse as are Tory backbenchers of its damaging effect on the prospect of prolonging this Parliament for eighteen months, which is their hearts' desire. Loyalty demands that 28 Members be reprimanded. But they have shown Mr. Morrison that he must either govern by the threat of swift sanctions against the defaulter, which means a head-on collision with two members of the National Executive, or give more competent leadership. He might consider, too, the value to the Party's discipline of a Budget the Tories would seriously attack.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

Mr. Churchill's Challenge

MR. Churchill's speech in the foreign affairs debate last week has been fittingly greeted as a worthy successor to his Fulton and Zurich orations. At Fulton he proposed resumption of the full Anglo-American partnership, developed during the war against Germany—this time for the purpose of "containing" Communism throughout the world. At Zurich, he advocated the unification of Western Europe on the basis of a Franco-German rapprochement and the linking of this Western Union with the Anglo-American alliance. Last week, he set the corner stone in this grandiose arch by arguing, first, that Western Germany should contribute to Western defence, and secondly, that on the basis of this grand alliance a last supreme effort should be made to reach a settlement with Russia.

It would be a great mistake to under-rate the strength of Mr. Churchill's case. From the purely military point of view, which the Defence Ministers were discussing last week-end at The Hague, his arguments are overwhelming. If Western Europe needs a permanent standing army of thirty divisions, that army cannot be raised and maintained without the use of German manpower. Nor should we assume too easily that France in the long run is bound to prevent the re-arming of Western Germany. Granted a continuation of the Cold War over the next five years and an intensification of the armaments race, neither France nor Britain would be in any position to resist American and German pressure, even if the rearmament of Germany led, as it would, to a German domination of Western Union. Historical forces, once they gather momentum, cannot easily be reversed. To-day the dynamic of history is beginning to drive us towards the end advocated by Mr. Churchill.

That dynamic will not be halted by mere denial. If Mr. Churchill is to be proved a false prophet, what is required is a positive alternative to the policies he has developed since Fulton. Of this alternative there is as yet no sign. All we can assert is that, for the first time since 1945, Mr. Bevin is in conflict with the leader of the Opposition on a major issue of foreign policy. But we must admit that Mr. Churchill has the initiative; and it is by no means clear whether Mr. Bevin's objection is to the principle or to the timing of the proposal.

The issue at stake is not one of policy in the narrow sense of the word, but of the postulates on which policy is based. Mr. Acheson has recently laid it down that negotiations with Russia must not be begun except in "situations of strength." In the Cold War we must follow the precepts of Field-Marshal Montgomery and postpone the actual fighting until after we have won the battle of logistics. There is no possibility of settling any issue, according to Mr. Acheson, by an agreement in which both sides voluntarily make concessions and adhere to them. Once this argument is accepted, there is no answer to Mr. Churchill's demand that the West Germans should become our comrades-in-arms. To reject the particular proposal we must repudiate the postulate on which it is based. Opposition on any other basis is merely a postponement of the inevitable.

This indeed was the central weakness of Mr. Bevin's reply to Mr. Churchill. Mr. Acheson had laid down America's Conditions of Peace. Mr. Churchill had followed him, by formulating the same conditions on behalf of the British Conservative Party and drawing the relevant conclusion that Western Germany must be rearmed. When it came to Mr. Bevin's turn, he dismissed the conclusion emphatically enough. But instead of formulating the British or Anglo-French Conditions of Peace, he remarked only too revealingly: "We cannot move without our allies."

To say this is to concede everything to Mr. Churchill. Yet one thing is clear. Whatever America's prospects in the next war, the condition for the survival of Britain and France is a negotiated settlement of two issues: atomic disarmament and the German peace treaty. Most people will now admit that—German army or no German army—Western European democracy is unlikely to survive either atomic bombardment or the ravages of Russian occupation. What is equally true, but less widely appreciated, is that Western Europe cannot survive the permanent division of Germany which the rearmament of Western Germany implies. We talk glibly of "United Europe" when all we mean is the unification of a truncated Western Europe, just as we often speak of Germany when what we really mean is the Western occupied Zone. Yet, in the long run both Western Germany and Western Union are unworkable economic units, even if Marshal Aid is replaced by other forms of American assistance after 1952. Both are miserable make-shifts forced upon us by the exigencies of the Cold War. To make them the basis of our policy is to accept the alternatives of economic collapse or actual war.

It is along these lines that Mr. Bevin should have made his reply to Mr. Churchill. To rearm Western Germany, he should have said, is to accept the division of Europe as a finally accomplished fact which can only be changed by a shooting war. To impose "German comradeship-in-arms" on the French politicians of the Fourth Republic would drive thousands of patriotic Frenchmen into the Communist Party, and might well precipitate a Gaullist *coup* since only a dictatorship could crush this patriotic opposition. The results in Eastern Europe would be equally fatal. It would destroy all those national Communist tendencies among the Slavs which are the chief points of resistance to Russian imperialism. If the West rearms the Germans, Titoism, as a threat to Russian domination would be stifled, since every Slav would have to accept that domination as a lesser evil.

Finally, the signature of a peace treaty with Western Germany and the admission of Western German soldiers to a Western European army charged with the defence of the frontiers of civilisation would end every hope of British economic recovery. The natural markets of Western Germany are in the East. To cut her off from them would be to channel her export drive into those dwindling Western markets where we ourselves are trying to earn a living. In a Western trade war between the British Welfare State and the jungle capitalism of Frankfurt, there can be small doubt who would be victorious.

The fact is that Anglo-French Conditions of Peace must differ from those of the U.S.A. The Americans may survive an atomic war: we cannot. They may prosper despite the permanent division of Europe: our prospects of doing so are insignificant. Lastly, to rearm Germany, and then to seek a settlement with Russia, is tantamount to demanding unconditional surrender. This may possibly be regarded as a policy compatible with American interests. It is not compatible with the interests of France or Britain. Our survival depends to-day, as in 1945, on the neutralisation and permanent disarmament of a united Germany under a peace treaty signed by the Four Powers, just as our military survival depends on a convention forbidding the use of weapons of mass destruction.

In the short run, France and Britain should be willing to do everything possible to integrate a disarmed Western Germany into Western Union. But we should recognise this as a makeshift policy pending a real settlement with Russia. What we cannot do is to accept Mr. Acheson's thesis that any settlement with Russia other than an imposed surrender is ruled out. That is why we must reject absolutely the proposals for a Western peace treaty with a rearmed Western Germany and continue to work for the only solution which provides a basis for European survival.

Co-operators and Labour Party

THE Co-operative movement, with its ten million members and its important part in the national economy, has clearly every right to insist that its point of view, where it has one, shall be given full consideration in the framing of Labour Party policy. Its membership includes a high proportion of trade unionists and Labour supporters; and, though the Co-operative Party is nominally separate from the Labour Party, its candidates have always run under Labour Party auspices and its M.P.s been full members of the Parliamentary Party. Moreover, on the vast majority of issues, there is no difference between the views of the two Parties. The Co-operative Party, fully as much as the Labour Party, stands for fair shares, full employment, and the Welfare State.

So far, so good. But that is not the whole story, as the policy statement lately issued by the Co-operative Union, representing all sections of the movement, plainly reveals. The two movements, after a period of working together with no friction except on minor points of organisation as distinct from policy, have now reached a point at which underlying differences of approach have suddenly become important.

The immediate cause was the inclusion of the nationalisation of industrial insurance in the original draft of the programme of the Labour Party for the General Election; but, when this question had once been raised, much wider matters were necessarily laid open for debate. Co-operators mostly favoured the measures of nationalisation carried through by the Labour Government between 1945 and 1949: they affected no existing Co-operative enterprise. Co-operators knew very well that they could not take over the mining industry, or the railways, or road transport, or civil aviation, or steel, in which they were interested as consumers, not as producers. But the moment the Labour Party proposed to take over industrial insurance, matters looked quite different; for this meant that the Co-operative Insurance Society, which is a quite considerable Co-operative enterprise of long standing, would be lost to the movement—and, if that were to go, who could say what would go next?

The Labour Party Executive, indeed, had committed a serious error of tactics in not consulting the Co-operators in advance. It hastily did what it could to rectify its error by dropping nationalisation and putting a somewhat makeshift plan of "mutualisation" of the insurance companies in its place—a plan which would have left the C.I.S. to carry on under some form of public control. This mollified, but did not satisfy, the Co-operative leaders, who have now put up a straight claim that they must be consulted on all future occasions when Labour Party policy is being framed on any matter that involves either nationalisation or State control affecting the consumer. Therewith, they are demanding that the Labour Party shall "declare authoritatively that the Co-operative system of production and distribution is one based upon common ownership within the meaning of the Party's constitution." Indeed, they go further, and assert that Co-operative principles of profit participation are more direct and socially more equitable than the outcome of State and municipal trading; and they question the merits of the "national board" system so far adopted in measures of nationalisation.

This challenge to the Labour Party's nationalisation policy would be a good deal more impressive if it were accompanied by even an adumbration of an alternative programme. But it is not. There is a repeated insistence that the Co-operative movement must be left with the fullest freedom to develop its activities wherever it thinks fit; there is an attack on any proposal to nationalise the distributive trades that might limit the power of the Co-operative movement to open new shops wherever it may choose; and there is strong criticism of Marketing Boards and of public trading agencies in which consumers are not given a predominant voice. There is also an insistence on the voluntary character of Co-operation, and on the danger that standardisation of production, even if it brought large savings in cost, might be bought at too high a price if it unduly restricted consumers' choice.

These views have, doubtless, some substance; but what do the Co-operative leaders really mean? At present, Consumers' Co-operation, far from advancing by long strides to supplant capitalist production and private trading, is barely holding its proportion even in the trades in which it is most securely entrenched, and is absorbing in purchases at the Co-operative Stores a steadily diminishing proportion of its members' incomes. It has ten million paper adherents; but what proportion of their total retail purchases is made at a Co-operative Store, and how much loyalty do most of them feel for the principles of Co-operation? Do the leaders of the movement really mean that the Labour Party must do nothing about any trade or industry in which they have an actual or a prospective interest, and must wait until, by competing on a voluntary basis with their capitalist and small trader rivals, they have taken over most of the production and distribution of consumers' supplies—a task at which they are at present making no progress at all? Or, if they do not mean this, what are they proposing to say to the Labour Party Executive when it has accepted their claim to be consulted in the formulation of future economic policy?

There is a strong case for accepting the Co-operators' claim that Co-operation is a valid form of public ownership and control of industry, and deserves to be considered as an alternative to nationalisation wherever it is important to keep close connections with the domestic consumer. But what does the acceptance of this claim involve? Surely that, as the Co-operative movement in its present shape is unable to take over either the main part of any industry or the bulk of retail and wholesale trade, the shape of the movement will have to be so altered that it is capable of assuming the responsibilities of which it claims the reversion. If Co-operators cannot find the capital or the capacity to reorganise industries or services which need reorganising along Co-operative lines, surely the right course is to devise new forms of Co-operative organisation to which these tasks can be delegated, to make the necessary capital available from public sources, and to recruit the necessary personnel from the best men to be had, whether they have or have not previously served the Co-operative movement. Many Co-operators will no doubt answer in shocked tones that to do anything of this sort would be to destroy the basis of voluntary action on which the Co-operative movement rests; but the answer is that the Co-operators cannot really expect to have everything both ways. Either they must help in so transforming their movement that it can actually do the things they claim for it, or, if they will not do this, their claim must fall to the ground.

It is within the bounds of possibility to devise forms of both Consumers' and Producers' Co-operation applicable to a wide range of industries that the standard pattern of national ownership and management would probably fail to fit. Producers' Co-operation is, we are aware, of little or no interest to most of the men who lead to Co-operative movement to-day; but its claims, as well as those of Consumers' Co-operation, deserve to be fully considered in working out the plans for the future economic structure of our society. Nor is there anything at all novel in the idea that the State should collaborate actively with the Co-operative movement and help to finance it in undertaking obligations which it cannot deal with unaided. The world-wide movements of Agricultural Co-operation would mostly never have reached their present position without a good deal of State aid and encouragement; and there is no good reason why other forms of Co-operation should not be aided too. The "Voluntarism" and aloofness from the State which characterised the growth of British Co-operation from the days of the Rochdale Pioneers were appropriate when Socialism was not yet a political force, and there was no party standing for public planning of production and distribution. To-day such attitudes are obsolete.

We write with strong sympathy for Co-operative ideals and with a strong desire to find ways of achieving the essentials of Socialism with a minimum of bureaucratic centralisation. We believe the Co-operative movement itself to be capable of playing a great part in the building of the new Society that we have hardly yet begun to make. But the Co-operative movement can play this desirable part only if its leaders can rise above the parochial preoccupations of their everyday work and tender some constructive contribution of their own towards planning the diversified forms of social ownership on which the Co-operative Socialist Commonwealth must eventually be built.

London Diary

Odd, wasn't it, how little press comment has appeared about Lord Milverton's suggestion in the House of Lords last week that the British press "ought to be controlled"? If any supporter of the Government had made such a suggestion he would have been denounced on the front page of every daily and Sunday paper, but Lord Milverton says he is a Liberal, which no doubt makes all the difference. The only supporting evidence I know for this apparently wild assertion is that Lord Samuel, in a desperate effort to rescue his erring sheep, suggested that Lord Milverton had only urged control of the press in a country like Malaya, where a war was proceeding. Actually he had made no bones about it at all—he just urged that papers supporting anti-British activities abroad should be controlled; and he argued, as if the point were a new one, that newspapers, like motor cars, ought to be prevented from being run to the public danger. Lord Milverton had better have a word with Lady Violet Bonham-Carter on this. Or, perhaps, he should start with a beginner's course of John Stuart Mill.

* * *

Lord Milverton's speech read like the naive utterance of a thoughtless Blimp; Lord Vansittart's was even less serious. The man who summarised European history as a story of otherwise happy populations constantly victimised by the German butcher-bird, who scoffed as pro-German at those who dared to suggest that it might be wasteful to bomb to smithereens all the towns of the Ruhr and the Rhineland, and who was described in Goebbels' Diary as worth whole divisions to Germany—this man whom I used to regard as at least sincerely anti-German, has apparently forgotten about the Germans and is now trying to make us hate the Russians instead. Claiming special foresight about the last war (a foresight that was in fact shared by all intelligent people) he

sees history repeating itself and thinks Russia will "probably" start an aggressive war. Having said so much he gives the entire case away by saying that all Communists are in effect Fifth Columnists and Russian agents. Just so. The problem therefore is not "Russian aggression," which might be aided, as in the case of Germany, by some racial sympathisers. The problem is the collapse of the old order of capitalist society which will give way inevitably to some form of Socialism; if the breakdown is sufficiently complete, as in China, no Russian aid will be needed. The world has passed into a phase which Vansittart does not remotely understand. He began by disclaiming any resemblance to Senator McCarthy and then proceeded, like him, to use a position of privilege to attack individuals and to demand a purge, which for some inexplicable reason, he said, should not be called a purge. The main difference between him and McCarthy is that, whereas the American witch-hunter uses violent words, Vansittart is content to call one man a "murderous priest," another an "evil charlatan," and to describe a lady of whom I know nothing as "shapeless." What exactly her figure had to do with the case only Vansittart can tell us. A man who can discuss a serious subject in this vein resembles an acquaintance who roars with laughter, to the embarrassment of other people, at his own childish but malicious jokes.

* * *

Andrew Rothstein, I understand, was deprived of his teaching post from the School of Slavonic Studies last December. The suggestion that his contract was not renewed because of insufficient academic qualifications is not taken seriously. His professor, I understand, did not support this suggestion of inefficiency, which indeed is oddly contradicted by the fact that Mr. Rothstein has been asked to examine students next summer. This seems to me very dangerous. He will certainly plough all the Conservatives and award honours to any Communist students!

* * *

Last December a description of a hospital at Batlharos in a Native Reserve in South Africa appeared in this journal. It was a most moving account of an effort to sustain, almost without funds, desperately needed medical work in frightful conditions. The article led to a vigorous correspondence and to the dispatch of a considerable sum of money for the aid of the hospital. Amongst others who felt impelled to do something to help was Miss Lisa Lee, an artiste whom many readers will have seen at the Players' Theatre Club, Villiers Street, Charing Cross. On April 16 Miss Lee and a number of her colleagues, including such well known names as Bernard Miles, Vida Hope and Leonard Sachs are presenting a variety concert in aid of St. Michael's Hospital, Batlharos, at 8 p.m. at the Players' Theatre. All seats at 10s.

* * *

Not far away, coming through Leicester Square where Shakespeare again presides over a tidy scene now gay with tubs and crescents of daffodils, I met the other day an unusual group of artists. They were Indians and Pakistanis, Chinese and Japanese, Siamese and Burmese, Vietnamese, Indonesians and Sinhalese. They had been hanging their own work in a new gallery in Irving Street which announces itself in large letters over the doorway "Asian Institute." The exhibits themselves vary in quality even more than those in most shows. I liked particularly a fresco by a Pakistan painter. There was distinguished work from each country. The Chinese seem to have been least influenced by the tradition of the West. Even when they paint an English seaside resort it is just as Chinese as Pekin. The outstanding Indian painter is Mr. A. D. Thomas and, amongst the others, Mr. Abeyasinghe deserves to be as well known here as he is in Ceylon. The oddest but, strangely, by no means the least pleasing designs are made with extreme ingenuity by a Japanese artist named Tatsuo Ishida. It is only on close examination that one discovers that what looks like paint is really minute scraps of paper cut from cigarette cartons. The youngest exhibitor is a Siamese student of fifteen. Her picture of Siamese dancers is full of spirit.

* * *

It was clear to all of us during the 1950 election that both audiences and speakers needed to know a great deal more about the nationalised industries. In 1945 it was fairly easy to rehearse the arguments of principle for taking over coal or transport. But it is much more difficult five years later to create an informed public opinion about the industries the public now owns, and one of the main objectives of the Labour Party now must be to make public ownership both efficient and democratic. Should Parliament, for instance, have closer control over the public corporations? Are we getting the right men to run them? Should the consumer have a larger say in policy decisions, and can we give the workers a greater share in management? I have seen no better discussion of such problems than the essays in the current *Political Quarterly* by Professors Robson, Arthur Lewis, G. D. H. Cole and others. This symposium provides the raw material of the discussions which should be going on throughout the Labour movement.

* * *

In last week's *Sunday Express* General Giffard Martel, who was head of the British Military Mission in Moscow for a short time during the war, claims to have got on better with Stalin than almost any other foreigner, and is able therefore to give us all the lowdown on Russia and Soviet policy. During Martel's frequent visits to the Kremlin, Stalin, he says, would address him as "stary Dost" which, he explains, means "old friend" in Russian. A Russian-speaking friend tells me that there is no such Russian word as "Dost," and suggests that Stalin may have called the General "stary drozt"—which is the nearest to "dost" he can think of. "Stary Drozt" means "old thrush." But although Russians do go in for queer pet names, I can't imagine such badinage on the part of the Generalissimo. Or did Stalin call the General "Stary Gost," i.e., "old visitor"—rather with the suggestion: "Oh gosh, here he comes again." So for the present the riddle of what Stalin *did* call him remains unresolved. In any case, understanding between the two seems to have been imperfect.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

He suggested there should be a Ministry of Religion with ration cards issued for church-going; the cards would entitle them to go once a month. There would be points for so many prayers a month. Then, the Bishop believes, everybody would want to say their prayers and go to church. —*Evening News.* (B. Garth.)

"The cosh," said Mr. — "was a magnificent looking weapon. It was made of wood mounted with lead, bound in pigskin and with a pigskin handle."—*Evening Standard.* (E. Richter.)

A children's corner planned for Hunstanton recreation ground is objected to because it might disturb croquet players' concentration.—*News Chronicle.* (H. G. Clode.)

BURGLAR BILL

London's underworld has declared war on young amateur crooks . . . professional criminals are combining to smash these gangs by informing the police.
Daily Telegraph, April 3

You can natter as you will
At the crimes of Burglar Bill,
But Burglar Bill is not a copper-basher,
And the dicks have got to hand it
He's out to beat the bandit,
He's making war on slapdash razor-slashers.
Old lags are mounting guard
To tip off Scotland Yard
And help them pinch tough kids that spoil the game,
For maladjusted types,
The cosh-gang guttersnipes
Are damaging the underworld's good name.

The screwsman never shops
His buddy to the slops,
His colleagues can rely on his discretion;
Though always on the whizz
The British burglar is
A credit to the criminal profession.
A quiet, law-breaking chap
He will take the burglar rap,
But violence he simply can't endure.
There's nothing found on him
But knife and stick and glim—
He's not a pistol-packing amateur.

He'll put the flatties wide
To get cosh-boys inside,
For the standards of the underworld they lower;
So while he keeps his distance
He lends the dicks assistance
By laying information, on the blower.
And if the old lag squeaks
It's not because he seeks
To get himself in Scotland Yard's good books—
But, while he's out for loot, he
Fulfils his civic duty
And strikes a blow for all the decent crooks.

When on a screwing lark
He's earning a good mark
If he can lead the bogies to a pick-up—
He gives his precious time
Preventing lawless crime
And saving some poor bleeder from a stick-up.
The law grants no reprieves
To conscientious thieves—
He's heading for the Scrubbs or Pentonville—
But law-abiding classes,
As his Black Maria passes,
May spare a kindly thought for Burglar Bill.

SAGITTARIUS

Laski's Struggle for Certainty

I WORKED with Harold Laski closely in the five years before the war: this was for us and for Victor Gollancz the period of the Left Book Club. The discussion and choice of the books; the constant public meetings at which we spoke together; the articles which we contributed to the *Left News*, constituted an intellectual collaboration. It was at this period that I got to know at first hand Harold Laski's remarkable mental powers. There was that alarming speed of reading, a page at a time; there was the photographic memory, any quotation from any authority instantly at command; there was that copious, indefatigable output of books, articles and speeches; there was that deep hold over the imaginations and affections of the rank-and-file members of the Local Labour Parties.

Under the shock of his death I, for one, find myself suddenly reversing one judgment I had made of his work. The very dazzling variety and copiousness of his intellectual output had always seemed to me Laski's chief weakness. It was always easy enough to point out the unresolved themes that ran through his books and articles and speeches. The deepest layer of his mind undoubtedly rested upon the main nineteenth century, Manchester, radical, rationalist, Benthamite tradition. But he had extrapolated that tradition further and further to the Left—further than any other English thinker, except perhaps J. A. Hobson in that one book *Imperialism*—until it touched, overlapped, and both collided and intermingled with Marxism. The result could not be consistency. But the pain and shock of his death makes one realise that this was certainly his main strength: that it was just this that gave him his hold over the minds of a whole generation of the British Labour Movement. After all, the contradictions were in our minds too—in a sense they were in the objective situation itself as it had developed historically in this country. Laski performed an immense service for us by making these contradictions conscious and articulate; for he gave us thereby at least one prerequisite for solving them. No one of his time and place could have done much more. To have struggled so long and to have done this much was, we now see, something which overshadowed the contradictions.

Quotations from my books are now in fashion, so I will give one more from *The Coming Struggle For Power* and apply it to Laski.

> . . . He who supposes that an Englishman of the present day can find his way either to intellectual certainty or political consistency, without doubts, hesitations and errors, shows little appreciation of the gravity or complexity of the present situation.

It was, I have no doubt, just because Laski made so incredibly articulate those doubts, hesitations and errors that he gained and kept his enormous hold over the minds and hearts of the members of the Local Labour Parties. Certainly that hold, on the part of this physically childlike scholar, who never ran for a public office, but who for many years could be elected to the National Executive of the Labour Party at the top of the list of the constituency Labour Parties; who was thus elected all through the Left Book Club period when his views were sharply opposed, on the main issue of the day, to those of most of the other leaders of the Labour Party, and to the views of a majority of those who elected him—certainly that hold was the most remarkable feature of Laski's public life.

Somehow or other the members of the Local Labour Parties realised that what Laski was doing was to build up a climate of opinion which would make possible what has been attempted, and in part accomplished, in the past five years. If we have built a working, planned economy, and based upon it a Welfare State, with a considerable re-distribution of income, and have done so while not only maintaining but immensely revivifying British democracy and liberty, we have been enabled to do so by the mental climate which Laski did so much to create.

Do not let us doubt the significance of the contemporary achievement of the British Labour Movement, if—" repeat if," as they say in the official telegrams—this achievement can be secured, consolidated and extended. There are plenty of very influential persons in this country who are determined to stick at nothing to undo that achievement, or, if they cannot undo it, to undermine it, or at least to prevent, almost at all costs, its extension. For, in the long run the Labour achievement cannot be secured unless it is extended. Nevertheless, if the British Labour Movement can " make good " what it has built in the last five years, the long-run effects on the world will be, in my humble opinion, almost immeasurable.

For in that event British Labour would have proved in practice that it is possible by democratic means :—

1. To bring the naturally monopolistic basic industries into public ownership :

2. To run a planned economic system with, so far at least, a very considerable degree of freedom from the oscillations of the world market :

3. To re-distribute the national income to a very appreciable extent.

If, I repeat, these three achievements can be preserved, secured and, above all, extended, they will come to amount to the breaking of the arbitrary power of monopoly capital in one fairly large nation-state.

Now the great issue in the world to-day turns on whether or not it is possible to make such economic changes as these by democratic means. That in fact is the issue around which a very large part of Laski's writings revolve. For experience shows that, unless these economic changes can be made, a modern industrial society runs amok in alternate war and stagnation. But if these indispensable economic modifications can be made by democratic means, then the central dilemma of our epoch can be resolved.

Democracy, in the simple essential sense of representative and responsible government, emerges as the solvent of our times. Democracy, if it can be preserved, emerges as that solvent precisely because it is incompatible in the long run with the arbitrary economic power of monopoly capital.

As early as the 17th Century practical British politicians knew that if the democratic process were established and preserved, it must lead in the long run to a re-distribution of income. Laski was fond of a quotation from the Clarke papers (my colleague, the Minister of Health is equally fond of it). It describes how in 1647 Cromwell and Ireton were arguing (with Rainborough) against a manhood suffrage for their new Commonwealth. For, said these perspicacious squires, if you have a manhood suffrage, " it may happen that the majority " may make just those economic changes which the squires did not want " by law, not in a confusion." Therefore, the squires said firmly, there must be no political democracy in their new Commonwealth. For political democracy would mean in the long run a levelling economic policy carried out by due process of law.

In Cromwell's and Ireton's day such a process of economic change and re-distribution, however ethically just, was unnecessary. In fact it is no doubt true that the economy of the 17th Century worked better without it, and that in that sense it would have been historically premature. But in our day an appreciable re-distribution of income with its concomitant economic changes, such as public ownership of the basic industries and control over the export of money and capital and the import of goods, have become prerequisites for the functioning of the economic system.

In the last five years the British Labour Movement has made at least an important beginning at doing the indispensable job of our times by democratic means. I do not think it is any exaggeration to say that if—but of course it is still a big if—British Labour can consolidate and extend its achievement, we shall have shown the world the way out.

Moreover, we now know that this is the only way out. The experience of the last quarter of a century has shown us that there is no other way out. True, if communities do not succeed in making their necessary economic adjustments by means of the democratic process, they sooner or later carry out their inevitable economic modifications by means of a dictatorship either of the Right or of the Left. But these dictatorships although they can be, in certain circumstances and in certain respects, fairly successful in the economic sphere, represent, we now know, no possible way out for the world. For the abolition of democracy in a modern State has in each contemporary instance entailed such frightful disasters and abuses that the attempted cure has been worse than the disease.

These, it seems to me, are the central issues with which Harold Laski struggled. It is not to criticise him, it is to pay him the highest tribute, to say that he could state, but not solve, them. No man can solve them. They can only be solved in practice by the political action of the people themselves. But that action can be immensely assisted by the work of men such as Laski. For they, by making the issues articulate, help to bring us all to political maturity in time;

and in all major political issues time is of the essence of the contract between us and our fate.

Laski's whole life's effort was of this kind. What members of the Local Labour Parties felt and honoured in him was his unresting grapple with the central issue of our times—the issue of the preservation of political democracy through the strains and stresses of a period of rapid and inevitable change in the economic structure. And these men and women of our Movement were wise and patient to approve as a virtue in him the fact that in so doing he often turned back and forth on his own argument, seeking for the way out. May we not apply to Laski, in the political sphere, Auden's measured but tender lines on Freud?

> If often he was wrong and at times absurd
> To us he is more than a person
> Now but a whole climate of opinion.

Laski has at last worn himself right out. But he has by no means left his opponents masters of the field. When we consider the post-war work of the British Labour Movement, we can strike the same balance between Laski and his opponents as Auden struck, in a line of the same poem, between the dead Freud and his opponents—"They are still alive, but in a world he changed."

JOHN STRACHEY

Showdown in Viet-Nam?

THE intricate tangle of corruption, intrigue and *trafic d'influence* that is being slowly, and not very successfully, unravelled by the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry in Paris is much more a by-product of Vietnamese politics than of French parliamentary life, despite all the purely French dirt that is being thrown around in handfuls. Sometimes one has the impression that only an expert in all the local rivalries—not here in Paris, but down there, at Saigon and Hanoi—can grasp the finer shades of what it is all about. Thus, it is not enough to say that Van Co distributed funds "on behalf of the Bao Dai Government." What he represented was not the Bao Dai Government as such, but one particular clique; and, before one knows exactly what this clique wanted, one has to know what the exact relationship was of its chief, General Xuan, to the "Emperor," and to other rival cliques. Granted that Peyré and Van Co were trying to get General Mast appointed High Commissioner in place of M. Pignon, it is still not quite clear who all the people were who supported them in this policy, and why.

To what extent were these moves dictated by "higher policy," or merely by this or that purely financial interest? How did the confidential Revers Report get into the hands of the Viet Minh leaders? Here also we come up against a variety of *indochinoiseries*, and a kind of Vietnamese schizophrenia which makes it possible for the same person to serve two or more masters. How complicated Vietnamese mentality can be may perhaps be best illustrated with the case of Bao Dai himself. Frenchmen who have lived many years in Viet-Nam to-day agree that the case of Bao Dai is not as simple as it seems. They will tell you, for example, that he hates the French, and that while being a weak (but not stupid) man, who finds it hard to resist the fleshpots, he has, in reality, a sneaking admiration for Ho Chi Minh and the Resistance, and would like nothing better than to see them drive the French out of Indo-China. He himself would then like to retire to some mountain palace or, failing that, to Nice. The job of Emperor, we are told, was inflicted upon him by the French who had, before that, been pressed by the Americans, notably by Mr. Bullitt, to put Bao Dai on a throne he did not want. It is also suggested that there is a tacit, and perhaps verbal, understanding between Bao Dai and Ho Chi Minh that the "Emperor" may hunt and travel about the country—as is, indeed, his custom—without fear of being molested or assassinated. Bao Dai, as the symbol of a decaying system, disintegrating before one's very eyes, is considered to be a real asset by Viet Minh.

There is scarcely anyone in Viet-Nam to-day (except some of the soldiers) whom the French can trust. All competent observers—notably French Socialists with a long experience of the country—agree that the French round Bao Dai are mainly the most disreputable riff-raff, former Fascists and collaborators. The Bao Dai press and radio, for instance, are run by old *Camelots du Roi*, Vichy *miliciens*, and people who collaborated for years with the Japanese. The Vietnamese Ministers and officials are also nearly all of the most disreputable kind despised by French and Vietnamese alike. As for the ordinary French civil service, which was never politically intelligent, but not, in the main, corrupt, now (as one observer puts it) "everybody feels he hasn't long to stay in the country, and had better grab what he can while the going is good." M. Pignon, the High Commissioner, too, is surrounded by Vichyites and collaborators, survivors of the Decoux regime of 1941-45. The Bao Dai Government itself, headed by a slick but generally despised *affairiste*, chosen, it is said, by the Americans, has no faith in its own self or its own future, as may be seen from the resignation, the other day, of three of its Ministers on the ground that "this Government in no way represents the people of Viet-Nam." Were they, one wonders, sensing the early beginning of a Viet Minh offensive? Anyway, reliable French writers have published lists of the "leading personalities" of the Bao Dai regime, with their biographies—and they make pretty smelly reading.

The conclusion reached by most French observers, after a year of Bao Dai rule, is that the establishment of his regime has played straight into the hands of Viet Minh. What is emphasised is that the "concessions" made by the French to this regime are purely external and administrative, and that, economically—which matters more than anything else—the agreements are marked by the utmost colonial conservatism.

Yet there was a possibility of a drastic economic solution long ago. In 1945, because of their collaboration with the Japanese, most of the large industrial enterprises of Viet-Nam could have been nationalised; but colonial interests, such as the Banque d'Indochine, which controlled the whole economy of the country, proved too strong. Other opportunities were also missed—particularly at the Fontainebleau Conference in 1946, where Ho Chi Minh was pretty well led up the garden path, and returned empty-handed to Viet-Nam, only to meet with ferocious criticism from his followers, Communist and non-Communist.

To-day, France has a millstone round her neck—a millstone, it is true, largely of her own making. French opinion is, on the whole, profoundly sickened by the whole Viet-Nam business. All opportunities of a reasonable settlement—even something like the British-Indian settlement—were either missed, or deliberately wrecked by men like Admiral d'Argenlieu. Now, willy-nilly, the French have to maintain in Viet-Nam a fighting army of 150,000 men or more. Everybody agrees that to-day the vast majority of the people of Viet-Nam are violently anti-French. Even some of Bao Dai's people are—for instance, his Minister of Education, who, at one point, decided to abolish the teaching of French in schools.

And what of the military situation? Most, but not all, of the French troops are reliable. Among the colonial troops, desertions are said to be frequent. The French army holds a large part of the Tonkin Delta in the North, and a few hundred square miles round Saigon, in the South, besides a few isolated points elsewhere, including two areas on the Chinese border, where the troops have to be supplied by an "air lift." But while 90 per cent of the territory controlled by Viet Minh is effectively controlled by it, the French scarcely have full control of the areas they occupy. The fact that the French hold the Tonkin Delta, the largest granary of North Viet-Nam, does not, in reality, prevent Viet Minh from getting much of its food from there. Viet Minh has arms factories almost on the outskirts of Saigon, and the very fact that Viet Minh mortars can shell American warships anchored in Saigon harbour, and that huge anti-American and anti-French demonstrations and riots can break out in Saigon itself (as they did the other day), shows that the French are not properly in control of even the main cities.

On the other hand, Viet Minh has a highly disciplined and, according to all accounts, fairly well equipped army, which is now receiving a good deal of artillery and other equipment from the Chinese. In the greater part of Viet-Nam, Ho Chi Minh has set up a Socialist State, rather on the Russian model, with its emphasis on welfare, education, industrialisation and agrarian reform. He has a large, loyal and fanatical following, with a tremendous sense of purpose, and he is by no means amateurish in either a military or administrative sense. The recognition of the Viet-Nam Republic by Russia and her allies—a recognition never accorded to the Greek guerillas—has immensely increased Viet Minh's self-confidence, and the Communist press of the world, including *l'Humanité*, are already openly prophesying a military catastrophe to the French armies in Viet-Nam. Already on Saturday news reached

Paris of Viet Minh troops having started an offensive against Saigon, an offensive which, it was later stated, had been "checked." Earlier in the week it was believed that Ho Chi Minh would not strike until May or June, and it was hoped that there would be enough time—though not much time—for America to rush heavy arms to the French forces in Indo-China. Is Ho Chi Minh going to try an all-out offensive before America is deeply committed?

The task of the French could not be less enviable. Granted that they bungled the whole Indo-China problem, they are now left to bear the brunt in a war which is, in reality, a war between Russia and America. What is America to do? The message sent to Washington by Bao Dai's Foreign Minister—"Send me 165 million dollars, and we'll wipe out the Communists in six months"—must have reminded the Americans of similar telegrams from Chiang Kai-shek in the past. The French have already lost 30,000 men in Viet-Nam, and have been spending £150,000,000 a year on the war there—much more than they can afford. General Leclerc, and others after him, has said that "there is no military solution for Viet-Nam." Other experts have said that an army of 500,000 might, if not "reconquer," at any rate "obliterate" the country. But France hasn't got 500,000 men to spare, and her problem is no longer to reconquer Indo-China, but merely to hang on to the few bridgeheads she has in this enemy land. Lofty sentiments about Vietnamese self-determination are now about as obsolete as any talk about, say, Latvian self-determination. Viet-Nam has become the point on the globe where the friction between the two worlds is hardest to-day, and where the cold war is already very hot indeed. It is to be hoped that when the Western Foreign Ministers meet they will not confine themselves to talking about dollars for Bao Dai and tanks for the unfortunate French Army in Indo-China. It has gone far beyond that.

Paris, April 2. ALEXANDER WERTH

OAKUM PICKERS

St. George's Day—and Shakespeare's!
Does it matter?
Let's hear again the flat familiar patter.
Lusty of heart he wrote a manual of mankind
Out of his head,
Consulting Holinshed
For caterpillars, sponges and horseleeches
To get disorder symbols in those speeches.
What happened in the fair Ophelia's closet?
Was it a purging cyme in Hamlet's posset?
Was it taut suffocation of the mother
Aroused in Lear that windy mental bother?
"Conveyers" and Fortune's buckets in "Richard Two,"
Making the green one red I warrant you.
My Gracious Silence: Daisies pied and Icicles:
An antic disposition biered out to versicles.
Macbeth—from home a league,
Victim of battle fatigue.
Sir John's siesta, military free thinker one might say
Mastered the art of dying in the fray.
Was Hamlet mad and was his Uncle looking
Or telling one to Gertrude rather shocking?
Time's wallet knows no ending to this noting
Oakum picking academic doting.

DAVID HARDMAN.

So They Say . . .

ON Wednesday, March 20, readers had an excellent opportunity of studying the way the national press goes about its job of informing the public. On that day there were two of the most important stories for some weeks, the foreign affairs debate in the House of Commons, and the publication of the Government's *Economic Survey* for 1950. This is how the press handled these stories of our eventual and our immediate future:

The Times, under the heading, FUTURE OF GERMANY IN WESTERN EUROPE, reported the debate in 182 inches, devoting 57 inches to Mr. Churchill's speech, and 19 to Mr. Bevin's. (In actual length, according to Hansard, the two speeches were equal in length, 13 columns apiece). The *Survey* occupied 95 inches, cautiously headed ECONOMIC TASKS FOR 1950.

The *Daily Telegraph* covered the debate in 120 inches, under the heading MR. CHURCHILL'S PLEA FOR GERMANY. Churchill got 35 inches, Bevin 25. The *Survey* was given 117 inches—the longest report of all—headed WAGE AND DIVIDEND CURB TO GO ON.

Just as good a report of the debate, however, was provided by the *News Chronicle*, which gave it the same coverage, almost to the inch, and even the same type of headline, CHURCHILL: FORGET OLD FEUDS. The *Chronicle's* "Survey" story, on the other hand, was rather feeble, receiving only 35 inches, headed THIS IS THE WAY WE LIVE IN 1950.

The *Daily Express* debate story was nearly as full, with 107 inches (Churchill, however, was disproportionately reported, under the banner headline, WINSTON'S GREATEST SPEECH, with 48 inches to Bevin's 13), but its coverage of the *Survey* was ludicrously inadequate—only 10 inches, the worst of all the papers. Does the heading provide a clue? It read: MORE FOOD, MORE VARIETY, SAYS CRIPPS.

The *Daily Graphic* went to the other extreme, giving the *Survey* three times as much space as the debate. The former got no less than 92 inches, headed ANOTHER WORK-HARD YEAR FOR ALL, while the latter was compressed into 38 inches, under the headline: CHURCHILL PEACE CALL. The balance: Churchill 38 inches, Bevin 4½ inches.

The *Daily Mail* kept a reasonable balance, without giving either story much real weight. The debate got 65 inches, headed CHURCHILL: LET GERMANS AID DEFENCE. Churchill was given only 15 inches for his plea, and Bevin 9 inches for his reply—with another 11 inches on the front page devoted to a solicitous account of his health: THE FRONT BENCH WERE ANXIOUS ABOUT BEVIN. The *Survey* got 42 inches, under the heading 52 PAGES BOIL DOWN TO "NO CHANGE."

The *Daily Herald* not unexpectedly rather stressed what Mr. Bevin had to say, with a banner headline: BEVIN HOLDS OUT HOPES FOR A LONG PEACE. He got 16 inches to Churchill's 13½, and the entire debate occupied only 58 inches. The *Survey*, however, got 71 inches, headed, OUR WAY AHEAD IN 1950.

From the hopeful *Herald* we turn to the despondent *Daily Worker*: "WAR COMING" SAYS CHURCHILL. But the debate got 52 inches, and the *Survey* 27 (YOUR FUTURE: WORK HARDER, EARN LESS).

Finally, the *Daily Mirror*, which may be the *Worker's* main competitor in some circles, evened the balance: "WAR NOT NEAR, SO SEEK PEACE NOW"—CHURCHILL. With this cheerful thought, the *Mirror* let its readers off lightly with only 26 inches of that dull old debate, restricting Mr. Churchill to 6½ inches, and choking Mr. Bevin off with a bare 2½ inches, or six sentences—rather overshadowed by a nearby heading: CHILDREN SEE LION KILL TRAINER AS HE TURNS TO BOW. The *Survey*, however, was better covered, with 57 inches, headed GOOD NEWS—AND A WARNING. AUTOLYCUS

The Play of Ideas

ONE cannot write about people without writing about things; for the food we eat, the clothes we wear, and the roofs that shelter us are all very near to us, and without them we perish. Even the atom bomb, so far away from us, is very close to us all. So we cannot keep ideas about things out of plays. We'd have to get ideas out of life before we could remove them from the drama. Indeed the very first glimmer of the conception for a play is an idea. There's hardly a thing written as a play, a novel, or a poem, that hasn't an idea under it, hovering over it, or in its very core. Life is constantly pummelling itself with ideas from morn till midnight.

No one can write about ideas without creating persons to express them; but it is one thing to have an idea in a head and quite another to place it in a play. It takes a mastermind to do that so that it will appeal to the imagination of an audience. Shaw and Ibsen are masters of this fancy. Shaw's plays are packed with punches for all kinds of reforms, yet there's hardly one of them that isn't glittering with the fanciful guile of a dramatist. Shaw and Ibsen are Israelites in whom there's a lot of guile, and grand guile too. And *Othello* (among other plays) is a melodrama; the acting editions showed us what they actually were, when all the poetry in them had been gutted out of them. Shaw's own play, *The Devil's Disciple*, is a melodrama, but one in which an intelligent being can sigh with safety. It is full of intelligent emotion—emotion lacking in such things as *Abie's Irish Rose*, *The Song of Bernadette*, and many plays dealing with a son's relationship with his mother or a husband's jealousy of his wife.

Mr. Rattigan seems to cherish the thought that such plays can create characters out of themselves; that relationship of mother with son, or the jealousy of a husband used as play themes will bring forth ready-born and fully matured characters into existence and into action without any tiring interference or help on the part of the dramatist; and, that, if the dramatist only chooses a suitable theme, the characters will flock, fully fruited on to the stage. They won't. It is just as hard to create a play with the theme of a mother and son relationship, or the theme of a jealous husband as it is to create one about the theme of a honeymoon or a holy well. And, anyway, what

would these themes be but psychological discussions around the relationship of mother with son and a husband's jealousy of a wife? Again, Falstaff, probably the greatest character ever thrust upon a stage, had no relationship with a mother as far as I know, nor had he a wife to be jealous of.

It is exhilarating, in a perverse way, to hear it said that Ibsen's stealthy entry into the English theatre and Shaw's determined rush on to its stage killed the drama dead, though the dead drama refused to lie down. The fact is that these two dramatists brought a dead drama back to a serious and singing life again. The zeal for the theatre that had eaten them up gave them the courage and strength to drive, helter-skelter, the foolish, fustian plays that had cluttered the stage for so long, as can be seen from a glance or two at the plays mentioned in Shaw's two volumes of *Dramatic Opinions*—plays so prodigiously trivial that their names even are unknown to the younger souls of to-day. The previous playwrights had made a simpering whore of the drama, and it took Shaw and Ibsen—though they didn't make her a lady, thank God—to change her into a vigorous, dignified, and intelligent woman, able and ready to give an answer for the hope that was in her.

There is a lot to be said for the opinion that all, or most, of the older, greater works, if not loaded, are strongly tinted with social significance; that they comment on, and often condemn, the activity and manner of their time. In England alone, from Chaucer and Langland, up to Auden and T. S. Eliot, the life we lived, religious, civil, and political, and the life we live, have been examined and commented upon according to the period in which the life was lived and the works were written. The thinker, the playwright and the poet have shared in the struggle for the rights of man; and, if they didn't wield a sword, at least they carried a banner. They have helped to immortalise man's fight against intolerance, cod custom, ignorance, and fear.

Things change life as well as thought—the railway, the motor-car, the tractor, the harvest-combine, and even the proletarian bicycle. A new kind of life is with us, whether we like it or not. And a good deal of this life will flood into the theatre. The stalls that give rest to the bums hidden in satin and silk will soon be ghosts of the past; and the new life will demand new plays that deal with and interpret the life it lives. And here comes a pause. The plays written around the new life must be currents in the mainstream of drama, must be an offspring of the great tradition. When we decide, instead of playing at being kings or queens or cavaliers, to play at being proletarians, then let us play at being them, and not send them forth as lecturers in an academy hall, preachers in a pulpit, or speakers from a political platform, important as these activities can be. The dramatist must see poetry in the smoky hub-bub of a tavern, just as he may see it in the stately ceremonial of a cathedral, though he may realise that, whi'e the life in a tavern is always real, hat of the cathedral is often a sham.

Just now, the English proletarian is immersed up to his nose in the making out of football-coupons, a minor way of getting rich quick, a method condoned by the Government and applauded by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. But this won't last: already many millions of workers and peasants in other lands are pressing towards a fuller share of the necessaries of life, and are stretching out to grasp the higher things abounding above them. I look forward to the day with confidence when British workers will carry in their hip pockets a volume of Keats's poems or a Shakespeare play beside the packets of lunch attached to their belts.

SEAN O'CASEY

Death of a Square

(By a Correspondent)

IT is a great pity that the Lord Mayor of London's Thanksgiving Fund could not have taken a form less controversial than the destruction of a Georgian Square in Central London. Nobody wants to be discourteous to the Lord Mayor, nor to appear ungrateful for parcels received, or not received. But the schemes put forward for the extension of London House have very big implications, and need urgent revision.

The question is in danger of confusion because there are at least four questions involved. Is a fund really national which takes visible shape in one city only? Is this large-scale hostel accommodation best suited to the needs of post-graduate students? Have the town-planning and housing needs of an overcrowded, over-bombed area been sufficiently considered? And is the scheme architectural vandalism?

The question of the share of other cities is not just a question of local prestige. Every university is in desperate need of more residential and teaching accommodation. And all over the country are housing problems that come near to break the hearts of those who understand them. Schools, hospitals and health centres are all in the building queue. We must allocate out of our limited supplies of labour and materials a certain proportion to the universities in the full and difficult knowledge that more colleges mean fewer houses.

Surely then, university building itself must be fairly shared? The University Grants Committee is really the only body competent to decide that London needs a new hostel more—or less—than Birmingham needs a new wing to its Medical School or Manchester an extension to its Physics Dept. But it appears that there was no consultation with the University Grants Committee, and it is not difficult to appreciate that there is a feeling that London has "cornered" the market. Are we saying in effect to our Commonwealth guests: "We will give you, if you come to London, a beautiful hostel to live in, but if you want to study physics under Blackett or go to Leeds for textile engineering, nothing doing."

If it is a mistake to concentrate this scheme in London, it is a bigger error to concentrate it in one small area. The promoters of this scheme visualise 1,000 students around Mecklenburgh Square. Students en masse are all very well at an occasional N.U.S. Congress, but this is no way for post-graduates to live. One of them described London House, already too big to please many, as "like my army mess, only more pretentious."

No real case has been made out, except for the geometrically minded, for building these new hostels all in the same place. The delight of being at the University in London (and may it never grow less) is that there really is no distinct university. It is as varied and unexpected as London itself. It insinuates itself into London life, sometimes obtrusively as in Malet Street, and sometimes as shyly as Birkbeck's battered premises in Breams Buildings, which scarcely anyone can find. The colleges and hostels and medical schools are strung out among the work-places and the shops and the homes of our people. Student life in London need not be separate from the life of the community, unless future planners make it so.

These considerations apply to any students, but when it comes to grouping post-graduates in hostel accommodation according to their country of origin, a blow is struck at the very heart of the real conception of university life, at the meaning of the word itself. According to present plans we are to bring students from America to London, and put them to live with other American students in a building that might have been imported from America, having first pulled down the very buildings which Americans delight to see in this country, because only here can they be seen. And in another building we put students from the Dominions with a few from the Colonies and the mother country, just to make them feel at home. But there would be no room for Erasmus. It is not for this that people come from the ends of the earth. They come here, not only because this is Britain, but because it is Europe and many of them are searching for understanding of the European outlook and tradition. Here we have a responsibility to civilisation which our universities will betray if they get too far from the spirit of welcome which ancient Oxford gave to the scholars who came from Padua and Leyden and Göttingen, and received in turn from them.

An immediate practical consideration is to what extent this unilateral residential development unbalances the teaching capacity of London University. One young doctor doing important research in one of our teaching hospitals commented: "If another doctor comes here from Australia or anywhere else, he will have to work in the street. We are elbow to elbow in our laboratory, and though it's all agreed to extend our labs. they say there's no money or no materials."

As far as town planning is concerned this scheme cuts right across the County of London plan. This is not just parish pump. The Plan did allow for a university precinct and for certain university extensions, after taking a balanced view of all the conflicting needs of a district where already much space is used for non-housing purposes—offices, shops, hospitals, colleges. The pity is that Mecklenburgh Square and Brunswick Square were so deliberately planned for pleasant small-scale living.

The effects of dehousing families is not only a serious matter for the families concerned, for even if they are found alternative accommoda-

tion, the sum total of housing is reduced. But the effect of demolishing occupied houses will anger homeseekers for miles around.

That these houses have charm and distinction makes the plan vandalism. This brings us to the architectural considerations so well put by Lord Rosse, of the Georgian Group, in *The Times* on March 31.

> The Georgian buildings of Mecklenburgh Sq. have a quiet dignity and scholarly character which I venture to think is more suited to a University quarter than the graceless, multi-storeyed blocks designed in their place.

The least that can be done is for the plans to be amended. The most that can be done is a courageous revision of the whole scheme. An action committee could take over from the appeal committee, and consult with all concerned—University Grants Committee, Cabinet Ministers, local authorities, overseas representatives. The Mecklenburgh Square scheme might well be limited to the extension of £1½ million already being built on the South side. The North side could be restored and rebuilt as the East side has been, and the tenants allowed to remain on the understanding that when a flat was voluntarily relinquished it would be let to post-graduates. Then the children might still play in the square and the students have for neighbours the policeman and the doctor, the nurses and the architect, the housewife and the typist.

But these are local details. Let us hope there is courage enough in high places for a second large-scale look. And who among our future guests would regret that in our thanksgiving we have remembered the preservation of our own old beauty together with our gratitude to them?

The Arts and Entertainment

VOTE OF CONFIDENCE

How soon we learn to take the impossible for granted! Scanned with the eye of common sense, the Third Programme is plainly impossible: a fantasy, an intellectual's day-dream. And yet there it is, steadily providing, week after week, opportunities that may not come our way in a decade of concert-going. It has also for long been impossible in a gloomier sense: impossible, that is, for most listeners to receive without fiendish interruption. Addicts of cultural enlightenment have been living for years as though on a small raft surrounded by lashing seas of jazz and political propaganda; let all else fail, and Tunis could be relied upon for a shrill and obdurate version of the Bell Song from *Lakmé*. During the winter evenings we have often found ourselves turning the pages of the *Radio Times* like a poor man fingering the folders in a travel agency: very nice, but not for us. And now, has all this changed? Has the reshuffle of wavelengths cleared the European air? It is too soon, apparently, for a comprehensive reply. But where I live, Third Programme reception, though still imperfect, is hugely improved; and I hear similar reports from elsewhere. Perhaps the moment has come to take stock of this strange new phenomenon in our musical life.

But when we attempt to do so, when we look back on the serried programmes of three and a half years, we are seized again with sensations of incredulity. Has it all really happened, and is no one just about to put a stop to the whole escapade? The layout reminds one of the spacious days of youth. When we are young, we spend an immense amount of time in the construction of vast ideal schemes: we draw up cricket elevens from the best players of all generations; we decide to read the Bible from cover to cover; if we are musically inclined, we devise fabulous concerts and opera seasons packed with every uncommercial masterpiece from Monteverdi to Alban Berg. One or two intransigeant persons, such as John Christie or Sir Thomas Beecham, realise their early dreams; but the last place to look for any such achievement is surely a semi-official public corporation. And yet it is the unique distinction of the Third Programme (at any rate on its musical side) to have converted the idealistic dreams of amateurs, students and scholars into sober professional fact. The result amounts to a small cultural revolution: the second revolution of our century in the extension of musical experience.

The first revolution dates from the early 1920's, when serious broadcasting and serious gramophone recording began to operate on a large scale. Within a decade or so, the standard musical repertory had been placed within the reach of almost anyone who wanted it. I have not forgotten the large amount of exploratory work undertaken before the war by both gramophone and radio; but, generally speaking, it was the "Foundations of Music," and especially of symphonic music, which were firmly laid in that period. Complete sets, so to speak, of Everyman's Library and The World's Classics descended on our doorsteps, and we consumed them voraciously. What has now happened, to pursue the metaphor, is that we have been given a life subscription to the London Library. The first thing we do is to rush to the shelves which contain our favourite authors, and devour every line they wrote. This entirely creditable curiosity has been anticipated, stimulated and satisfied by the planners of the Third Programme; nothing, they tell us, is more popular than the long series devoted to a single category of works by a single composer. We are now allowed (and not once in a way, but repeatedly) to hear *all* Beethoven's quartets and sonatas, *all* the keyboard music of Bach and Chopin, *all* the chamber music of Brahms and Fauré. We work our way slowly but steadily through the vast miscellaneous output of Purcell, Haydn, Mozart and Schubert. Composers who are habitually discussed (by professionals as well as by amateurs) on the basis of a slender and lopsided acquaintance with their works, are suddenly revealed in very different colours; to take a single instance, who could listen to the recent series of Liszt programmes without some modification of the accepted view of his weaknesses as a composer?

Numerous work, from all periods, which we may long have known as encyclopaedia entries, but never hoped to hear, have been brought to the test of performance. Sometimes (as with Steffani's *Stabat Mater*) a buried masterpiece is revealed; sometimes (fill in your own example) a respectable bore. In the latter case, someone is sure to get up and proclaim that the disinterment was not worth while. Nonsense! No one is obliged to listen; no one (I hope) is counting the listeners; there is all the time in the world; Third Programme audiences have plenty of other occupations; they are not helpless knob-twiddlers. Often enough, if their musical tastes are at all wide, they will be positively thankful for a dull evening. There are not many. Good Friday this year, for instance, is embarrassingly loaded with musical interest: unfamiliar but attractive chamber music by Schubert and Dvorak, two piano sonatas by Haydn, four of Manuel de Falla's least hackneyed compositions, and as centre-piece the new Frank Martin oratorio, *Golgotha*. Meanwhile, the Home Service performs Fauré's Requiem and the Cello Sonata of Chopin. When I hear musical people grumbling about the B.B.C., I think of such evenings as these (by no means untypical) and wonder where on earth anything comparable can be found.

In the field of opera alone, the Third Programme (mainly by relays from abroad) has enabled the English amateur to make up for the accumulated ignorance of a lifetime. Diving almost at random into the list, we find *Idomeneo*, the whole of *Les Troyens*, *Euryanthe*, *A Life for the Tsar*, *La Cenerentola*, *Dalibor*, *Jenufa*, *Kata Kabanova*, *Königskinder*, *Der Corregidor*, *Pénélope*, *La Vida Breve*, *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*. We have been given every chance of exploring contemporary music, on the continent and in America as well as in England; works of major significance, such as the Bartok quartets and the Sixth Symphony of Vaughan Williams, have been repeated again and again. Repetition, indeed, is one of the principal virtues of the system; what we are obliged to miss once we are almost sure to catch later on. Last week the History in Sound of European Music, the most ambitious thing of its kind ever attempted, came to an end with its 70th programme. Now that reception has improved, might not this series, too, be repeated in a revised form? There seems no reason why the course should not become a regularly recurring event, since there is always a new audience eager to learn about the Minnesingers and the Florentines and the forerunners of Bach.

It cannot be denied that the provision of such variegated riches for the listener at home poses some awkward problems for the "live" concert-giver. To take an extreme instance, what sensible man will turn out to attend the regulation English extracts from *Parsifal* at the Albert Hall, when he can hear at home a complete and superlative performance from Cologne, with Martha Mödl as Kundry, and Josef Greindl as Gurnemanz? We shall not discover the outcome of this tug-of-war until we have our fine new concert halls in London, and the B.B.C. changes over to Frequency Modulation, which is expected to put an end to the twin horrors of distortion and interference. Meanwhile, in an ungrateful world, I should like to move a vote of confidence in the musical direction of the Third Programme.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TELEVISION NOTES

Several of the golden rules promulgated in this column for the betterment of television drama appear to be acceptable nowadays at Alexandra Palace. The crowded scene, for example, is giving way to plays in which only a handful of characters are deployed and, consequently, there is more elbow-room for the players and fewer distance-shots of figures reduced to the dimensions of termites. I now commend two more considerations to Mr. Val Gielgud's attention. One is that two hours is over-long for a television play, for this close-up scrutiny of the miniature screen imposes a far greater strain on one's visual attention than does a similar session at long range in the cinema. The other is that the lighting arrangements for many plays (and other programmes, too) are often imperfect. I realise that the structure of some human faces must be the despair of the men who endeavour to throw them into effective relief. There are brows that overbeetle, noses as uncompromising as Cyrano's. Yet surely there must be ways to ensure that deep-set eyes (like Chester Wilmot's) do not come out on the screen as dark, empty sockets. An even more bizarre effect occurred in *Men of*

Darkness, for in the earlier scenes several characters addressed us with one eye showing bright, the other totally eclipsed.

Men of Darkness, Salacrou's sombre drama of treachery in the French Resistance, has been violently—and even hysterically—condemned in some quarters as a bogy that television should not project into our parlours. The spectacle of a man lately blinded by the Gestapo (though bandaged up) is, indeed, no sight for brittle nerves, but I saw nothing horrific, or even Grand Guignol, in this powerful and well-related tragedy. On the other hand, it was about as apt for the nimble medium of television as any play could be and it was acted with magnificent force, especially by Joyce Heron and Ivan Samson. I hope Alexandra Palace is not going to be rattled into an excessive consideration for viewers with nervous hearts. If they get palpitations they can always switch off.

The plays we see on television are often a scaled-down version, in every sense, of the shape they assume in the theatre. But *The Lady's Not For Burning* made exactly the reverse impression on me. Is the fantasy too fragile to be spelt-out on a wide stage in capital letters, the ebullient verse too whimsical to survive full-throated declamation? Is Christopher Fry, above all, a puppet-master who can fashion ingenious marionettes better than he can mould dramatic figures? Leaving these vexing questions for further consideration, I can only say that this intimate television production of his play (and especially the close-up acting of Pamela Brown and Alec Clunes) gave me abundant and continuous delight.

The Variety Department is being driven to desperate, and even ridiculous, expedients in the manufacture of television follies. Having secured the services of that vivacious comedienne, Frances Day, they cozened her into a maladroit display of her abilities in a nonsense entitled *Call It a Day*. One of the situations in which she was involved required her to sit in a bath topped with synthetic soap-suds and sing into a telephone. There is a rumour that Lord Beveridge's Committee of Enquiry is considering whether "commercials" might be admitted to television. "Soap Flakes by Snooks" seemed to me the only basis on which this particular escapade could get by.

Picture Page, the weekly topical magazine conducted by Joan Gilbert, has been rich in rewards and surprises lately. One of its recent delights was a brief but tender presentation of the little Norwegian boy-skier whose personality has captured all who saw him on the screen or on the Heath. The few seconds of his interview were one of those unpredictable revelations of character by which one is so often ambushed in watching television.

W. E. WILLIAMS

THE MOVIES

"Les Parents Terribles," at Studio One

Les Parents Terribles is that rare thing, a play that transfers itself to the screen: or so, in M. Cocteau's own hands, it may appear. All he would seem to have done is to take up his five characters (fashioned, as he says, in one block, to one action), trim a speech ending here, add a preliminary ring at a wrong bell there, instate the actress absent originally from the piece dedicated to her, seal up the draughts and raise that fourth wall which in the theatre remains open, start the camera turning, the family talking, and there you are. There, at least, you are, if you're Cocteau.

In fact, the judgment that makes such a transliteration possible, and the skill with which it has been carried out, are quite extraordinary. More immediate than even on the stage is that plunge into family grief, into an interior of comic and amiably ruthless drift, from which any attempt at rescue must be dangerous. Invalid and passion-rigging mother, inventor father, cool, cash-providing aunt, darling boy, an atmosphere of soiled sheets and muddle, raised voices, slammed doors: such the cramped Paris apartment, with its snake-knots of affection, on which the camera intrudes. Proximity is the gain, here, of screen over stage, and if every spoken word can't hold with the casual fatality that is its, the movements and expressions of the actors are inescapable. At their most revealing moments they may face us in close-up: two heads, confidingly la'd close, will tell opposite stories.

Cocteau's most astonishing compression—his psychological realism and the farce-like complications that are released by a sudden prising of this interlocked household—comes over to the screen faultlessly. Spoilt darling has been out all night! That starts the row—*the* row—and when at last he turns up, the four get going. There are scenes—such scenes—with *maman* screaming for the police, and then a neighbour knocks on the wall. Everything they repeat to one another, in their thick family jargon, is "in-cro-yable." But the pronunciation, as a matter of fact, comes from the boy's mistress (yes, he has dared to deceive *maman*). To her, next day and in family formation, they must go, and the peculiar awfulness of their visit lies in the fact that papa is that elderly protector whom, in her innocence, she has been trying to dismiss in order to marry the son. Her flat—never was a symbolism more naturally attained—is all order, gaiety, light. The two youngsters desperately love one another.

So, on the predicament of Orestes, of Hamlet, follow the developments of boulevard farce. Cocteau never loses his grip on character and situation, and never overstresses the unconscious necessities that cause the old to cling to the young and at the end will bring the expected flare of tragedy. The ironies and oppressions of this piece lie everywhere, in the strewn garments, the frightful truths that are heedlessly let drop, the imponderability attending the mother's "You've been *deceiving* me," flung at her son, when she only means to say "lying to me." And he, in turn, keeps hitching up his bags and goes off into the bathroom after sugar, having touched depths of misery; that sugar being, by the way, attendant on the mother's diabetes.

The ironies of this drama are as fiendishly inwound as are the familiarities they unveil, Cocteau's employment of them is masterly. He could, following poetic fashion, have made his drama a tragedy, with the Fates rising up in a bay-window. He has preferred realism, and the comedy that goes with it. The tragedy overhanging them, he remarks, is like that of the deaf: we accept it as funny, because that's how it looks, and because we need a foil to the "tragedy" of the blind. *Les Parents Terribles* is less cruel than impartial. It has, boasts its author, no hero or heroine: all five characters are on equal terms and come in for equal shares. But here his intentions—which he has transmitted with such clarity to paper, stage, and film—a little transcend him. Admirable as is the acting of Yvonne de Bray, Gabrielle Dorziat, Josette Day, Jean Marais, and Marcel André, individually and together, one performance stands over the rest: that of Yvonne de Bray as the mother. She discovers untold riches in the part; and not unnaturally, since here is the most memorable figure Cocteau has created—outside himself.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"East Lynne," at the Bedford

The special season of Victorian melodrama which Miss Nye and Mr. Penrose have started at the Bedford has points of interest to students of 1950 audiences as well as to collectors of 1850 period theatre. *East Lynne*, the first of the planned productions, is directed with gusto by Gordon Crier and is admirably acted. Mrs. Henry Wood had rococo conceptions of sin and retribution, feminine frailty and the laws of probability; and she peopled her world with villains too exquisite, heroes and heroines too fatuous, ever to have been quite true. But Bill Shine, whose long legs have increasing eloquence, clothes the unspeakably good Mr. Carlyle with charm and nobility; Milton Rosmer gives outraged aristocracy resounding dignity; and Rosemary Scott plays the truant and anguished Lady Isabel with real feeling. She gets over, without laughter, even the famous "My child is dead and never called me mother." As for the audience, *East Lynne* packs a theatre which

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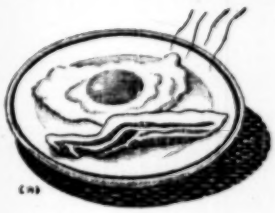

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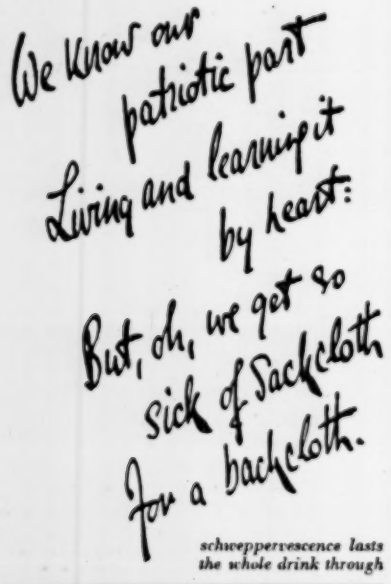
has been half empty for new comedies of manners—several not lacking merit—recently presented by this management. The inference is, presumably, that North-west One likes "strong" situations and unsublimated emotions. Good enough; it is promised *Trilby*, *The Bells* and *The Worst Woman in London*. But need fidelity to old favourites mean exclusively Victorianism? If now and then a revival of, say, Galsworthy or Eugene O'Neill were included in the Bedford's repertory, I believe the Borough of St. Pancras would respond. A. V.

French Masters, at the Marlborough Galleries.

Drawn both from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, this small collection of French paintings includes a number of pictures of rare quality, as well as one or two curiosities. The early *Portrait of Gustave Coquiot* by Picasso—it is like a rather heavy-fisted Manet, momentarily inspired, if one can imagine it, by Daumier—though a very tolerable painting, must be counted one of the curiosities. The *Paysage de Provence* and *Le Goûter*, both by Bonnard, are among the masterpieces. Indeed, this last picture needs a whole essay to itself—the sumptuous light, the eminently edible food, the two staid gentlewomen, eating, and the two cats which peer with their horizontally squashed faces over the edge of the tablecloth. Also to be enjoyed some exceptionally fine pastel nudes by Degas, a beautiful small Cézanne—an apple septet, simply—an exquisitely atmospheric Jongkind, *Paysage au Clair de Lune*, two or three Boudins, a vacuous and brittle Dufy still-life, and a couple of very sound, delicately handled landscapes by Lépine (1836-1892). This painter, who is none too well-known here, has something of the white light of a Boudin marine painting in his *Paris*, *Le Pont des Arts*, but in the very large *La Baignade au Clair de Lune* the brushwork becomes richer and broader than Boudin and we think rather of Jongkind—even of Chardin, in some of the quiet, lucid, silhouettes of bathers, houses or barges. A small but even more beautiful painting by the same artist, *Fécamp*, was recently to be seen at Tooth's in Bruton Street.


SCHWEPPIGRAM No.14
We know our patriotic part
Living and learning it by heart:
But, oh, we get so sick of Sackcloth for a backcloth.
schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through

Correspondence

THE ELECTION

SIR,—The problem of party organisation in the county constituencies seems to be the prevailing theme in the discussions on the results of the Election. The solution is, agreed, a full-time Agent in every "backward" area. However, under the present scheme of things, this will never be attained. Until the county constituencies obtain an Agent they will never be able to procure an organisation which is capable of maintaining an Agent's salary. Transport House has not the means, although a good deal of help is given to Divisional parties who endeavour to appoint an Agent.

Why should not the industrial areas, jointly or individually, undertake to support an Agent in a constituency which cannot afford one? Most of them are comparatively well-off—and what do they gain if the greater part of the rural and residential constituencies steadily plump for the Tory candidates, for lack of the power to put the Labour case efficiently before those members of the working-class who support the Tories?

A movement such as the Labour Party, with its tradition and philosophy of mutual assistance and co-operation, should, surely, organise itself on that basis.

We have examples in our opponents. Note these words taken from the current issue of *Commonsense*, published by the Farnham Conservative Association.

> Firstly we have played an active part in the Surrey County Victory Crusade, sending parties of canvassers regularly to Mitcham before, and during, the Election. . . . Merton and Morden was another Socialist seat in Surrey. On February 4th our Member and a coachload of supporters went over to hold an open-air meeting, part of a big drive to start the Conservative election campaign there. The result was a majority of 2,793 for the Conservative candidate. I think we can truthfully claim we helped towards this victory. Then we sent money further afield to marginal seats in Kent. We sent £250 to Bexley and the Conservative candidate got in by a majority of 133. We also sent £250 to Chislehurst and here the Conservative candidate got in by a majority of 167. Perhaps it is not too much to claim that our timely contributions helped to tip the scales in both places.

31 Pont Street, S.W.1 FRANK FISHER

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—The picture of the progressive school situation as a whole was, I think, a little falsified by James Cameron's reference to Dartington as the only one sufficiently well-established to survive. There are in fact several that are older and from the educational point of view very firmly established yet still deserving to be classed as progressive. There are others that are younger but which have fought their way, by the devoted hard work of their staffs, over every sort of difficulty to achieve Ministry recognition, Burnham Scales and superannuation, and reasonable premises and equipment. While seriously lacking financial resources they have derived their strength from the energy and good will of their staffs, from men and women who work through their evenings, their weekends and their holidays to put up buildings, carry out repairs and make equipment, till the soil and to draw their pupils into these activities. If there is any reason to save these schools it is because there is life in them, because teachers who pass through them have their faith strengthened, while elsewhere there is so much cynicism and depression.

Perhaps the question should be not so much how to save a particular school here and there as how to preserve in the educational world the vigour and faith and sense of vocation that have been shown by teachers in these struggling new schools. With the increasing socialisation and control of education, how are we to allow for the creative impulse of the man or woman who "wants to start a school"—the impulse from which so much has come in the past? Such people are not necessarily the ones to be shortlisted by committees for State-school headships. We shall probably get good steel or chemicals or wireless sets under whatever system they are produced, because they can be standardised and scientists are interested in technical improvements irrespective of how or by whom they are used. But education is not a product of manufacture, it is something that takes place in a personal situation. Large-scale organisation tends to work against the recognition of this, to take away the feeling of personal responsibility, while independent schools, in varying degrees, tend to preserve it.

There would be difficulties in the way of granting financial assistance on the basis of educational research unless the term were very broadly interpreted. The progressive schools in recent years have not done much outstanding research in teaching method, for instance. They have been much more concerned with the whole art of conducting a school, the pattern of its life, with the balance and unification of the curriculum, with the application to the life of a community of principles that are as old as Christianity—in fact with precisely those things that are not measurable but can only be felt and recognised. In these schools conviction and necessity have worked together to bring within the ambit of education every activity necessary for life. Within their relatively small communities it is possible to develop a sense of responsibility in both teachers and pupils, because the practical responsibility does in fact rest on them, and nothing, short of the closing of the school, can take it away. A measure of the good life such a school can provide is to be found in the fact that it has not been so difficult as in most other schools to make sure of an adequate staff—even of science teachers. This was true in my own school even before we were able to adopt Burnham Scales.

What I have written above is based on such progressive schools as I have known. It will not be true of all, and it will on the other hand be true of certain schools that do not claim to be in the "progressive" category. At this point I feel some sympathy with Mr. John Connell: discrimination on the basis of progressiveness would be impossible. I would, however, say this: that if any basis for financial assistance from the Ministry should prove fair and workable, I do not feel we have anything to fear from "interference." My relations with the Ministry's representatives give me reason to believe that progressive schools have nothing to lose and a great deal to gain from close contact with them.

Wennington School. KENNETH C. BARNES
Wetherby.

ACADEMIC LIBERTY

SIR,—I should be grateful if you would publish the following letter. It was sent on March 30 to *The Times* and *The Birmingham Post*, but so far it has not been published nor have I received any acknowledgment.

Lord Vansittart is reported to have said in the House of Lords on Wednesday last that "at Birmingham University there was a Communist clique which indulged in curious performances."

As a member of the Executive Committee of the Communist Party, let me point out that there are Communists, of whom I am proud to be one, in all our universities, and that their numbers are steadily growing. We work in our local branches for the policy of the Party—peace, national independence, and Socialism—and in the university we endeavour to set an example by the conscientious discharge of our academic duties. Let me add, as a Greek scholar who has studied Marxism for many years, that it has proved an unfailing source of inspiration in my research.

The real purpose of Lord Vansittart's apparently irresponsible outburst is to work up in this country the same anti-Communist hysteria that has already done so much damage to the American universities. It is a threat to our academic and civil liberties which the British people will stubbornly resist.

Birmingham. GEORGE THOMSON

HENRI DE MAN

SIR,—In the article "Divided Belgium" by Mr. Norman MacKenzie, I am referred to as "Henri de Man, the collaborator, who remains in Switzerland with a twenty-year sentence hanging over his head."

The fact of the sentence is true enough, but the fact of the "collaboration" is not. This may surprise English people, who are used to judiciary guarantees which have been suspended by exceptional legislation in Belgium since 1944. Everybody in Belgium knows

that I have been tried on purely political grounds. My crime is that, in 1940–41, I refused allegiance to the so-called "London Government" of Belgium, and believed in legal methods, in accordance with the Hague Conventions, for the defence of Belgian interests against the German occupants. There are other political reasons (some of them dating farther back than 1940) why the powers that be in Belgium want to keep me out of the country and of politics; but I am not at liberty to discuss them here.

A petition asking for a new trial is now pending before a Committee of the Belgian Senate. It has found support, on the strength of documents giving both sides of the case, with a number of prominent men and women in various countries, G. D. H. Cole being one of them. Very few Belgians believe in revision as long as the present political turmoil about the "royal problem" persists; but equally few (though perhaps some of them dare not yet say so in public) do believe that the sentence will not be ultimately reversed.

As to my having been a "collaborationist," I should like to say that my only contacts with the German authorities have consisted in defending Belgian interests entrusted to me, principally regarding the return of prisoners of war and the defence of workers' wages and organisations. I carried on this struggle until the last chance of success was gone as the result of the more and more stringent measures the Germans took against me. So I was forbidden any kind of political activity in April, 1941, and dismissed as a University professor, whilst my pamphlet *Réflexions sur la Paix* was seized and destroyed on the day of its publication. Finally, after I had been selected as a hostage and released from temporary arrest in November, 1941, I took refuge in the mountains of the Haute-Savoie, where I spent the last three years of the war.

I look back with pride on what I have done, and feel I should not act otherwise again under similar circumstances. And perhaps I shall be permitted to add that, as years go by, I feel more and more convinced that, even in matters of political judgment, the long view I took on war issues seems better corroborated by events and results since 1945 than the short and changing views of my political opponents. Be that as it may: the least I feel entitled to ask is that, after 48 years of faithful service to the cause of Socialism and peace, people who do not know enough about the facts of the case to judge by themselves should have the fairness to suspend judgment.

Berne, Switzerland. HENRI DE MAN

TITO'S PLOT

SIR,—Allow me to make one comment only on Mr. James Klugmann's letter on "Tito's Plot." To prove that Tito had been "plotting" against the Soviet Union and the Communist Party, Mr. Klugmann twice adduces the evidence of the Rajk trial. The Budapest "revelations," Mr. Klugmann contends, "showed that progressives of all countries had been misled by Tito." While the absurdity of the charges against Rajk and his Yugoslav "accomplices" must have been obvious to any well-informed and enlightened person not personally acquainted with the persons named in the course of the trial, I think that I am one of the few persons in this country who can by the statement of one simple fact show up the trial for the cynical and sinister farce it was: one of the persons named as an accomplice of Rajk and as a traitor to Communism as early as 1940-41 was Dr. Ales Bebler, at present Yugoslav Delegate on the Security Council. According to the Hungarian Public Prosecutor and to Rajk's alleged "confession," Bebler was said to have betrayed his comrades to the Gestapo in a French concentration camp some time in the autumn of 1940. Mr. Klugmann may think the Budapest revelations somewhat less revealing when I tell him that Bebler, an old friend of mine from the days of the Spanish War, was released from prison in Ljubljana in September, 1940, after serving a one-year sentence for escaping from Yugoslavia to Russia ten years earlier, and after his release, until my departure from Yugoslavia in March, 1941, I was a frequent guest in Bebler's house in Komenskega 7 in Ljubljana.

If space permitted it, I could adduce any number of cold facts and irrefutable data showing the brazen perversion of facts and history as practised in the course of the heresy trials of Budapest and Sofia, but perhaps this one instance may suffice to show up the irresponsibility of Mr. Klugmann and his friends in their hasty defence of the Moscow "line."

Belvedere, Kent. STEPHEN W. POLLAK

PAKISTAN AND THE INDIAN PRESS

SIR,—In the normal course of events I would not have commented on your editorial "The Premiers in Delhi," which, in line with an article in the inside pages of this issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION contains many unobjective inferences about Pakistani economy and body-politic, had it not been for the fact that your unwarranted and baseless charges against my paper, *Dawn*, now renamed *Herald*, should not go unchallenged.

You insinuate that my paper has been responsible for the bloodshed in Bengal through "violent" journalism. Nothing could be farther from truth than this conclusion and the inference you have made that the Bharati (Indian) newspapers' comments have been comparatively much pacific. You have only to look into the columns of responsible papers like the *Times* to see that recently many Bharati newspapers in Bengal and elsewhere in India have been conducting "war polls" and calling for "police action" against Pakistan. *Dawn* has been scrupulous to keep such feats in journalism out of its columns.

I wish to explain why I stated at the outset that I would not have ordinarily commented on your statements on Pak-Bharat controversies. It is because we Pakistanis know very well that some Leftist "intellectuals," as well as your paper, who are great friends in this country of the Indian cause, would never be able to see any justice in Pakistani case. You hated the idea of Pakistan at one time, but, as many of your co-thinkers in India, you were frustrated by the determined Muslim people. I can recall the concealed delight of your article on the Qaid-e-Azam Jinnah on his death.

It is understandable that people like you in this country have had long-standing sympathy for Gandhi and Nehru because of your ties with the nationalist freedom movement in the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent, but it does not follow that you must continue to harbour a grudge against Pakistan. After all, Pakistan is only the translation of the liberation of the subcontinent for the Muslim people, who have justified its achievement.

There are Labourites like Mr. Phillips Price, M.P., who have been able to see the light and now advocate the case of Pakistan. I am not asking you to follow their example (even though it is quite logical), but only to remove your mantle of prejudice against Pakistan, for your country will have to reckon with us in Asia and Middle East for better or for worse. Of course, I hope it is for better.

Herald, Pakistan. NASIM AHMED,
London Correspondent.

[The tone and terms of Mr. Ahmed's letter seem adequately to illustrate our point.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

A. J. A. SYMONS

SIR,—A. J. A. Symons made it his business to be a spell-binder; and from the letters of Mrs. Doris Langley Moore and Miss Lane the spell can still be seen at work. They saw him, and still see him, as he wished to appear in the eyes of friends his. But, as he said himself, the proper objective in biography is "not to record but to reveal."

Mr. Julian Symons' life of his brother fulfils that precept: it does reveal, with admirable candour, the man in his true shape and not as he posed in public. As a reviewer, I drew the only conclusion from the evidence that appears to me to make sense. Inevitably, to say that a man was a consummate charlatan, must offend those who still venerate him in his posture as a dilettante. But it is for the unprejudiced readers of the book, and not for the friends of A. J., to judge whether the revealed facts belie my criticism.

A strong personal note of condemnation was through all three letters, implying that I *myself* must have suffered in some way at Symons' hands, in order to account for my "malevolence." Although there were plenty of opportunities 20 years ago, I can safely say that I never did—perhaps owing to my propensity for "malicious conjecture." I only met him on two occasions: I was never a friend nor even an enemy of his; but I observed his spectacular career from afar with wonder and curiosity. I even allowed myself, when "the A.J. mystery" was in full swing, some "malicious conjectures" about the true state of his affairs—conjectures that are amply verified in Mr. Julian Symons' informative book. (I would give chapter and verse, only that, having "spat up my bile" according to Mr. Symons, I am now supposed to be resting.) I fear that has been my crowning offence. The unpardonable misdeed in a malicious conjecturor is to guess right.

I apologise to every one for saying that the Symons family "sank back to penury" in the slump of 1921.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

WHOSE HEATH?

SIR,—Like Critic, many thousands of people enjoyed the ski-jumping on Hampstead Heath, but others will question the wisdom of his suggestion that it be made an annual event. Common ground was enclosed by an enormous length of fencing and the public were charged entry money into this great enclosure. The time-honoured fairground on Hampstead Heath is open to all. One wonders what powers the L.C.C. have to sanction enclosure and whether any national association or charity can apply successfully and get the same degree of co-operation from the L.C.C. Report has it that at least one tree was felled. Be that as it may, the general mess of the area on the days following the exhibition was visible to all, despite the great efforts of the keepers in burning straw and tidying up.

20 Hampstead Lane, R. G. E. WILLISON
Highgate.

For Morning Freshness
Euthymol
TOOTHPASTE
FROM ALL CHEMISTS
A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

Books in General

> Once again your letter is so pretty and so engagingly phrased that to my shame I find I cannot achieve anything like it, and can only beg you not to look at the imperfect form of my own letters, but at their contents, and always to believe that the sentiments and observations which I try to express are genuine and sincere. There, now you are going to laugh and to think that this long sentence has turned out not so bad after all.

THE man who addressed these lines to a Viennese actress of the Eighties was not a bashful lieutenant in the Imperial and Royal Army but the Emperor-King himself, Francis Joseph I, then fifty-eight years of age. He had long admired the lady on the stage. But it was the Empress who finally chose Frau Katharina Schratt to comfort her husband during her own long absences. For thirty years letters passed from Emperor to actress, and their recent publication by the Baron de Bourgoing* illuminates one of the most intimate, yet at the same time most discreet, of Royal friendships. Through them, the character is revealed of a monarch who ruled longer, mourned deeper, and applied himself to his duties of office more conscientiously even than Queen Victoria, but who left, when he died, an heritage which was to crumble to dust within the space of two years.

Much has been written about the causes of the downfall of the Austrian Empire. It must be clear, even to opponents of historic materialism, that no man, not even the most enlightened of rulers, could have unified the many divergent nationalist tendencies within that realm. Defeat in the Great War only sealed a destiny ordained by the dynamism of time. However, if there had been hope of a nineteenth-century Habsburg saving the Monarchy by a "transformation" of its ruling system, such as Joseph II had attempted seventy years earlier, it is equally clear that Francis Joseph was not that kind of Habsburg at all. He possessed integrity, but no imagination; he was as strict as he could be tolerant, and as stubborn as he was kind. In his habits as simple, modest, and diligent as his best civil servant, he never ceased to believe in the absolute power of the Crown. His private life, so barren of human contacts, so devoid of the glow of feeling, and so singularly hapless, has never been assessed except on the merits and demerits of his regime. These letters to his confidante, "the friend" as the Empress used to call her, will do more to win him sympathy than any Austrian Lytton Strachey could have done.

Of his many personal misfortunes only two had befallen him when he first met Frau Schratt. His first-born, Sophie, had died at the age of two; and the Empress had finally abandoned herself to a life of eccentricity and foreign travel. The happy years after the birth of their youngest child Archduchess Marie-Valérie, when Elisabeth seemed content at last to sit in Gödöllö castle minding her babies and playing Carinthian airs on the zither, had come to an end. Once again, now an ageing romantic, her head still carried high under the heavy crown of hair, she roamed around Europe in search of Swiss mountain peaks, Greek culture, Irish fox-hunts, the sun of Corfu. At home, while wrestling with conflicting racial aspirations, Francis Joseph wrote to her every day and incessantly trembled for her health and safety. His only relaxation, apart from hunting, were his visits to the Burg Theatre, then still adjoining his own residence. Its repertoire was slight but gay. The play-bill was made up of Scribe, Pailleron, Sardou, Meilhac. Whether Frau Schratt appeared in *The Mermaid*, *The Violet-eater*, *Goldfishes*, *A Glass of Water*, or *An Impoverished Nobleman*, her part invariably demanded good humour, grace, vivacity and *joie de vivre*.

That she possessed these virtues to no smaller degree off-stage, the Emperor discovered while chatting to her at a ball during the Carnival season of 1885. A year passed before Elisabeth took the matter in hand. Casting about for a lady suitable to engage some of Francis Joseph's affection without assuming more, her eye fell on Frau Schratt. The mother of a small son but living separated from her husband, this woman of thirty-three combined the freshness of youth with the discretion of maturity. Moreover, she was attached to no clique at Court. Thus in May, 1886, Elisabeth commissioned a portrait of Frau Schratt from the painter, Angeli, and dragged Francis Joseph to the studio while the lady was sitting. A few days later a letter of thanks reached the actress signed by "An Admirer" and accompanied by an emerald ring. In July, Francis Joseph already had permission to visit Frau Schratt in her summer house in the Salzkammergut. At seven a.m. he set off from his own villa at Ischl for St. Wolfgang, from where "I will ask my way through to Frauenstein on foot."

The stage had been set for the first of many idyllic scenes in which the Emperor and his friend were to meet in future. Promenades in wintry Schoenbrunn park; walks in the hills round Lake Wolfgang; the Villa Felicitas at Ischl, rented by Frau Schratt, with its rustic bridge over the brook, its garden gate to which Francis Joseph possessed the key, and its wash-house near the gravel path up which he walked on many an early summer morning. The rare lyrical passages to be found in his letters are all evoked by his deep love for nature, his delight in the changing Austrian weather, in the mountains and woods, the alpine air and rural serenity of the country. Yet none are so moving as the few dry words he wrote when, a sad old man of seventy-two, bereft of wife and son, and out of tune even with his friend, he returned to Villa Felicitas which had been deserted by its mistress:

> . . . reaching the other bank and then by the usual private path to the gate by the wash-house which proved open, so that I could enter the garden where all footpaths seem in better order than before. Fresh gravel everywhere. Of course, I walked on all of them, and looked through the window into your room. It is all as though you were still living here, all the pictures hanging in the verandah, even the corn cobs of last year . . .

Nothing in his letters suggests that this friendship ever developed into a passionate *affaire de cœur*, although soon they were signed by "Your dearly loving Francis Joseph," and later contained "as many dashes as you will permit." Those dashes, too, may be taken as of a fatherly nature, for in 1888, while telling Frau Schratt that he adored her, the Emperor added: "But there everything must rest . . . I do not wish to do wrong, I love my wife and do not want to abuse her trust and friendship for you." But the bond, strengthened over many years by much grief shared with the devoted woman, never snapped completely, so that in ripe old age he could still write of her as of his "last ray of light," his "dearest friend" who had come forward once more to "comfort and cheer" him.

Of comfort and cheer he at all times stood in need. Two years after the beginning of this *amitié d'âme*, tragedy cut short his jovial interest in the lady's stage intrigues and successes. The Crown Prince, talented and unstable as his Wittelsbach forebears, shot himself in the hunting lodge of Mayerling. Frau Schratt destroyed the Emperor's own comment to her on Rudolph's motives; but there remains his assurance that in his boundless grief he thought of her often and with profound gratitude. From now on he would have to rely on her all the more, for the Empress, after some months of mourning by his side, retired from public life altogether. The century drew to its close without a major political event. Prime Ministers came and went, the Hungarian temper flared up and settled again, Pan-Germanism raised its head, Francis Joseph went hunting, and watched army manœuvres in the company of foreign Royalty. During all this time Frau Schratt, whose name was never publicly linked with his, remained the being nearest to the Emperor.

It would be wrong, however, to imagine her cast in the role of an ever-patient comforting angel. She was a spirited woman, and in turn presented Francis Joseph with many problems, some of them not unlike those raised by Elisabeth. Frau Schratt adored travelling, more especially to Monte Carlo where she gambled heavily at roulette. She went up in a balloon and, to make matters worse, in the company of Alexander Baltazzi, the unfortunate Baroness Vetsera's brother. She loved perilous mountain tours which she undertook despite all promises she had given. She rode a bicycle, was addicted to quack cures, took dangerous drugs for slimming. Occasionally Francis Joseph, worried over both his ladies, was reduced to nagging at least one of them. Towards Frau Schratt, this seems to have been his only fault, for towards her vagaries he showed a lenience not always present in his official dealings.

The assassination of the Empress in 1898 put out his last spark of happiness. Life now seemed to withdraw from him; his private affairs grew more and more unreal, while official duties absorbed his last remaining energies. Significantly enough, to his own great sorrow, he even allowed Frau Schratt to drift from his side. Now that the Empress no longer protected the alliance, he fussed over proprieties,

* *Briefe Kaiser Franz Josephs an Frau Katharina Schratt.* Ullstein Verlag, Vienna. 60 schillings.

refused his friend a decoration, refused even to intervene in her dismissal from the Burg Theatre company. Yet when in August, 1900, after an angry scene, Frau Schratt took leave of him for an uncertain time, he called their farewell "one of the most painful moments of my life."

After years of travel Katharina Schratt was reconciled, returned to Vienna and remained near him throughout his declining years. In November, 1916, on the late Empress's name-day, she paid him her last visit, exchanging with him memories of the woman he had loved unhappily all his life. Two days later Francis Joseph was dead. Called to his death-bed, Frau Schratt was welcomed by the new Emperor and embraced by the weeping Archduchess Valérie. Two roses which she had brought with her were placed in the dead Emperor's hands and buried with him. For her own end she had to await the next Great War; in 1940 she died in Vienna at the age of eighty-seven. The years between she spent in reclusion, a dignified old lady whose lips after all this time were still sealed. And so they remain. For, apart from a hasty draft which she never posted, none of her own letters to the Emperor is published by the Baron de Bourgoing.

HILDE SPIEL

MILLOM OLD QUARRY

"They dug ten streets from that there hole," he said,
"Hard on five hundred houses." He nodded
Down the set of the quarry and spat in the water
Making a moorhen cock her head
As if a fish had leaped. "Half the new town
"Came out of yonder—King Street, Queen Street, all
"The houses round the Green as far as the slagbank,
"And Market Street, too, from the Crown allotments
"Up to the Station Yard." "But Market Street's
"Brown freestone," I said. "Nobbut the facings
"We called them the Khaki Houses in the Boer War,
"But they're Cumberland slate at the back."

I thought of the streets still bearing their royal names
Like the coat-of-arms on a child's Jubilee Mug—
Nonconformist gables sanded with sun
Or branded with burning creeper; a smoke of lilac
Between the blue roofs of closet and coal-house:
So much that woman's blood gave sense and shape to
Hacked from this dynamited combe.
The rocks cracked to the pond, and hawthorns fell
In waterfalls of blossom. Shed petals
Patterned the scum like studs on the sole of a boot,
And stiff-legged sparrows skid down screes of gravel.

I saw the town's black generations
Packed in their caves of rock, as mussel or limpet
Washed by the tidal sky; then swept, shovelled
Back in the quarry again, a landslip of lintels
Blocking the gape of the tarn.
The quick turf pushed a green tarpaulin over
All that was mortal in five thousand lives.
Nor did it seem a paradox to one
Who held quarry and query, turf and town,
In the small lock of a recording brain.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

THE VALUES OF FICTION

The Withered Branch, By D. S. SAVAGE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

Shall we say that Mr. Savage has all the arrogance of them that know they are saved? *The Withered Branch* is a collection of essays on six contemporary novelists, Hemingway, E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf, Margiad Evans, Aldous Huxley and Joyce, an exercise in what Mr. Savage calls creative criticism. Creative criticism, it must be said straight away, bears little relation to literary criticism as it is customarily conceived, at any rate since the deaths of Rymer and Dennis. Mr. Savage is aware of this; he refers, in the acknowledgment that prefaces the book to "a critical temper"—his own—"which, in the present condition of the world of letters, could not expect wide agreement or acceptance." But isolation has no terrors for Mr. Savage: like any worshipper in a tin tabernacle, he has the Truth.

The truth . . . Mr. Savage is very strong on truth. Of the "integrated work of art" he writes:

> The subjective and objective meet and fuse to illuminate and concretise each other, forming a third entity, a diamond of compressed carbon. There has been a qualitative transformation. In order, therefore, to understand the nature of the artistic synthesis we must put our finger on the third term in which these disparate parts may be drawn together and resolved into unity. That term is Truth. I use the capital initial to emphasise that truth is an absolute.

And what, as Mr. Chadband asked, is this Terewth, then? First (in a spirit of love), what is the common sort of Terewth—the working clothes—the everyday wear? Of course Mr. Savage can no more tell us than could Mr. Chadband, but that doesn't in the least prevent his being able to "state candidly that the typical modern novelists considered in this book reveal in their work several varieties of disorientation of being (or dehumanisation) parallel with the deflection from truth which determines the structure of their work as a whole." More specifically:

> Thus in the writings of Ernest Hemingway there is displayed a clear form of the slavery to war and to violence, in those of E. M. Forster there is marked slavery to the bourgeois spirit and to society, in Margiad Evans can be distinguished a pronounced form of slavery to passion and to nature, in Aldous Huxley the erotic lure is prominent, and in Joyce the aesthetic lure dominates everything, while in Virginia Woolf we see the elementary bewilderment of a mind incapable of formulating a clear view of her world of experience consequent upon inability to establish foundations in belief of whatever order.

It will be gathered that Mr. Savage, who writes like a schoolmaster correcting exercises, cannot approve of the work of any of his subjects. Indeed, it is difficult to decide degrees of culpability between such flagrant offenders as the rough boy Hemingway, the sensitive boy Forster, the girl Woolf and the Irish boy Joyce. Pretty plainly, none of them will get their certificate if Mr. Savage has his way. But in fact, though he does his utmost to disguise it, Mr. Savage is not interested in literature as such at all; he is concerned with the philosophical implications he finds in the work of his subjects, trying to disengage systems of thought. This is legitimate enough, but also highly hazardous, for if novelists were primarily philosophers they would write philosophy, not novels. "Before the novelist can embody meaning in his work, he must have discovered the pattern of meaning in experience." This is highly disputable; it is at least as true to say that it is through his work that he reveals to himself the pattern of meaning in experience. And following Mr. Savage's method of criticism, I would guarantee to denigrate the majority of the great English novelists from Richardson on as effectively as Mr. Savage does Forster, Joyce and the rest. And it would be just as much beside the point.

Take, for instance, Mr. Savage's treatment of E. M. Forster. Now, judging his work by the highest standards, many critics have found it flawed, and the main flaw is plain enough: the inadequacy of his symbolism. Yet, having said this, the critic, if he is to be fair, must go on to record that Mr. Forster is our finest exponent of social comedy since Jane Austen, and in his own especial vein is second only to Meredith. Not to be able to see this betrays in a critic an insensitivity to words, the raw material of literature, which must make all his literary judgment suspect. But of literary values Mr. Savage shows no awareness at all, and in his analysis of specific books he sometimes lapses into plain nonsense:

> The life of Forster's characters, as members of the English upper middle-classes, is based on falsehood because it is based on unearned income, derived from nameless and unmentioned sources, and all their independence, freedom, culture, "personal relationships" are only made possible by this fact. Their lives are lived in a watertight system abstracted from the larger life of society as a whole. They are out of touch with society . . . . The penalty they pay for their social advantages is a heavy one—a fundamental unreality which vitiates the personal unreality which takes place in the closed social circuit to which they are condemned . . .

One hadn't expected to meet anything quite so silly as this west of the Ural Mountains. But perhaps the best exposure of Mr. Savage's talent as a critic is the fact that he can quote the passage in Chapter VII of *Howard's End* in which Margaret Schlegel and Mrs. Munt discuss the importance of money, without noting, maybe even noticing, that it is first-rate intellectual comedy.

In his preface, Mr. Savage is at some pains to defend himself against the possible "charge of a destructive negativeness." He defends himself by saying that "the severity towards a particular attitude or idea expressed must be considered in some degree as severity towards that part of myself which inclines or has inclined to the same direction." It is, of course, right and proper for the saved to loathe their former sins, and perhaps it is inevitable that the saved should appear to the unregenerate as awful prigs. Even so, the assumption underlying this book, that Joyce, Hemingway, Forster, Huxley, Mrs. Woolf and Miss Evans have not pondered or felt the human situation as deeply as its author, may seem to many a trifle odd.

WALTER ALLEN

MORE ABOUT THE SOUL

This World and That. By PHOEBE D. PAYNE AND LAURENCE J. BENDIT. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

A conjugal production written jointly by a husband who is a medical psychologist and a wife who has been a life-long clairvoyant, this book combines a certain naïvety of theory with an unusually "tough" attitude to the phenomena upon which theories are based. The combination is unusual. Far-reaching speculations about the nature of the universe, coupled with claims to an acquaintance with the habits of the "dead"—"we learn that the dead probably keep their human quality even after they have left the body"—are commonly combined with an attitude of extreme credulity in regard to phenomena. Not so, however, with the Bendits. As they truly say:

> We are at once sceptics and believers, both in matters of life in general and psychism (*sic*) in particular. For while . . . we accept the general principles underlying many curious phenomena as a whole, we are always inclined to be doubtful of individual cases, and particularly of any glib interpretation of their origin and significance.

It is, they affirm, "the principle which matters," by which they would be understood to mean "the possible explanations of how phenomena may take place, rather than whether they are proved genuine in any special instance."

As they point out, to any given para-normal phenomenon there are usually three or four alternative interpretations. In particular, recent work on extra-sensory perception, whose subject matter it is now customary to refer to as "psi phenomena," tends to make the survival hypothesis less plausible by providing an alternative explanation for phenomena which were formerly thought to require it. The alternative explanation is in most cases admittedly far-fetched enough, yet most will find it preferable to the view that the

dead survive and can communicate. For example let us suppose that a believer hoping to prove survival leaves a manuscript in a safe with directions that the safe is not to be opened for twenty years. In the meantime (as subsequently appears when the safe is actually opened) a medium or an automatic writer reproduces the MS. word for word. Does this demonstrate survival and communication by the "dead" person through the medium? Not necessarily; if a living "sensitive" can have para-normal cognition of the contents of a sealed envelope—and this is fairly well attested occurrence—why not of the MS. in the safe? Or—an alternative possiblity—"he might quite possibly have pre-cognised the words which would at a later time be read by him or by the person who would open the packet in the safe."

Similarly, the memories of previous existences which are claimed as evidence of reincarnation may be no more than retrospective cognition, that is to say, a direct knowledge of the past by a clairvoyant whose para-normal powers are brought into play by some feature of the environment in which the retro-cognised events took place.

So-called spirit "guides" again, the authors suggest, are in all probability not what they claim to be, independent beings who make it their business to act as intermediaries between the medium and the surviving would-be communicator, but secondary trance-projected personalities of the medium, a supposition to which the terms of exaggerated respect in which the medium commonly refers to them lend countenance. Particularly valuable is the discussion of spiritual and psychic healing in which an admission of the genuine possibility of such healing is accompanied by a devastating analysis of many cases for which it has been claimed. On all these matters the Bendits are excellent; their claims are modest, their hypotheses tentative—I particularly like their suggestion that "the dead" may have a point of view and business to attend to of their own which may lead them to regard our pestering demands for their attention as an unmitigated nuisance—and, as the present book shows, when compared with its predecessor, *The Psychic Sense*, they are willing to change their minds and think again.

In the end they come down heavily on the side of the survival hypothesis, their claim being that "man is an essence, immortal and external." Man, they hold, is an inhabitant of two worlds. His body is tied ineluctably to the time series and, accordingly, grows old, wears out and dies. His mind or soul, by virtue of its constant intercourse with the body, must also, in respect of its bodily and worldly contacts, be mortal. But the universe also contains a spiritual principle which is outside time, and if we take the mystical experience seriously, as the Bendits do, we cannot but believe that the soul also participates in this. Hence man's soul has affiliations in two worlds. In course of time, however, the pull of the eternal spirit upon the timeless element in the soul will prevail, and the soul, or rather the timeless element in it, will "return to the timelessness of pure spirit," much, I suppose, as the river is merged in the sea. This is to assert *individual* and not *personal* immortality. The process of absorption in the timeless may be accelerated or retarded according to the kind of lives we live, and there is an interesting suggestion on Platonic lines to the effect that if our interests are unduly "earthy" and our natures unduly self-indulgent, we shall aggrandise the body-determined elements of the soul at the expense of the immortal part, and the process will take longer. The temporary persistence of unduly earth-bound souls is suggested as a possible explanation of some hauntings.

There is nothing very novel about these speculations. What gives them authority are the wide experience of phenomena on which they are based and the ingenuity with which the Bendits apply their world view to the interpretation of that small percentage of para-normal and especially of psi phenomena which they are prepared to admit. Meanwhile, I recommend to them a reading of the *Phaedo*.

C. E. M. JOAD

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AMERICAN HEROES

Darrow for the Defence. By IRVING STONE. *Bodley Head.* 12s. 6d.
Victory in my Hands. By HAROLD RUSSELL. *Lehmann.* 10s. 6d.

The law is not a profession remarkable for the humanity of its practitioners. When lawyers achieve greatness, it is usually for the hardness of their heads that they are honoured, seldom for the softness of their hearts. This is not an animadversion upon lawyers. Most of them are kind and honourable men; and when we consider the nature of our society and the economic structure that the law helps to buttress, we should be unrealistic to expect from them a different professional standard. But what a tonic it is to come across an eccentric like Clarence Darrow. Here is a lawyer who was passionately interested in the psychology of criminals and in their cure, was an opponent of capital punishment, and considered a punishable crime such as burglary to be a much less serious offence than the licit sharping of financiers.

"The law is a bum profession, as generally practised," Darrow once wrote to a young man who was thinking of entering a law school. "It is utterly devoid of idealism and almost poverty stricken as to ideas." But this was far from true of his own practice of it. He was a thinker who neglected almost no branch of human knowledge; and he was an idealist—in the sense that while not underrating the wickedness of human beings he hoped that they might grow to be less bad. In 1894, when he was thirty-seven, he threw up his job of counsel for the Chicago and North-Western Railway, a job that guaranteed him a fortune, in order to defend Eugene Debs and other members of the American Railway Union who were then on strike against the Pullman Company. He was never to serve a corporation again. For the rest of his long life he continued to defend the rights of persons against the rights of property, the poor against the rich, the coloured against the white, the sick against the healthy. Like all those who help the oppressed he was viciously, and on occasions criminally, persecuted by the powerful and the ignorant.

Mr. Stone has written a most excellent biography of this saintly man of law. He has had access to Darrow's private correspondence, family documents, manuscripts (Darrow was the author of eight books and about twenty-five pamphlets), legal briefs, notebooks and unpublished memoirs; and his mastery of all this material and his elucidation of it are impressive. He has wisely constructed his book round Darrow's greatest cases. Darrow is probably best known for his part in the Loeb-Leopold trial, in which he defended two students, both sons of millionaires, who had assaulted and murdered a boy of fourteen; and for his part in the Evolution Case, a hilarious affair, in which he defended a teacher against William Bryan and the Fundamentalists of Tennessee (authors of *Hell and the High School*), who had secured the enactment of a law prohibiting the teaching of Darwinism in the state schools. His most important cases were those concerned with the defence of trade unionists in their fight for existence against the railway companies, the mine-owners, and other large corporations. These make painful reading; the crimes committed by the employers rival in their ingenuity and ruthlessness the crimes of certain modern governments. On one occasion, using agents who were ready to swear to anything, they got Darrow himself put on trial on a charge of bribing jurors; and although he was acquitted, they were successful in temporarily blasting his reputation and alienating his friends. Darrow grew accustomed to this form of persecution. What loaded his life with intolerable pain, bringing on a nearly fatal illness, was that having always been an opponent of the use of violence under any circumstances he found himself committed to defend men who had been provoked by the other side into using it; so that the public, unable or unwilling to make a distinction between the defence of a criminal and the defence of his crime, marked him down as a hypocrite.

Mr. Stone does not neglect Darrow's private life. This was not saintly, as that word is commonly understood. Not even his freethinking did more damage to his reputation than his theory and practice of free love. But Darrow had no respect for respectability. About marriage he used to say: "Getting married is a good deal like going into a restaurant with your friends. You order what you want, and then when you see what the other fellow has got you wish you had taken that." Nevertheless, with his endearing characteristic of being disloyal to nearly every belief that he professed, he married—twice.

Those who saw the film *The Best Years of our Lives* will doubtless remember Harold Russell; he took the part of the veteran, Homer Parrish, who had lost both his hands in the war. In *Victory in my Hands*, an autobiography, Mr. Russell sets out to describe the physical and psychological problems that his terrible injury introduced into his life, and the way in which he has overcome them. Though slangily written, it is a poignant and inspiring story, competently told; his account of the business methods of a chain-store in Cambridge (Mass.) where, before the war, he served in the meat department, his description of a Parachute School and of the various mortifications of the flesh imposed on its pupils, his impressions of Hollywood, his story of the "amputtee" who would roll up his trousers to reveal pinup girls on his artificial legs—these would be worth reading in any context.

Mr. Russell's courage and his resourcefulness with the hooks that now serve him for hands are marvellous. As regards his moral victory, however, it must be acknowledged that in spite of his appalling misfortune he has since been extremely fortunate; Hollywood picked him out of obscurity and in its inimitable way set him up as a national figure; many others in a similar plight have not

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had their recovery thus assisted and simplified by fame and money. To say this is not to detract from the modest heroism of Mr. Russell's character. Placed as he was, he might so easily have forgotten the spiritual shock he suffered in the moment of his catastrophe. Instead, when he was at the zenith of his popularity and earning huge sums on the American stage, he tore up his contracts and accepted a poorly paid job as a lecturer for the Anti-Defamation League, an organisation that seeks to diminish racial intolerance. This book is yet another of his triumphs.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

THE LACONIC SERVICE

The Marines Were There. By SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART. *Putnam.* 12s. 6d.

Any book about an organisation must necessarily suffer from being a little like an official document and a little like a royal biography. Everyone must be mentioned and virtues must be unfailing. But, "official" histories are out of fashion. Those huge glossy volumes with identical sepia photographs on each page with which it was thought fit to record the day-by-day course of the first World War are evidently not to be repeated. Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart as the official historian of the Royal Marines in the second World War, by selection and compression, completes his task in just over two hundred pages. The writing is in some places a little hurried and the usual phrases come a trifle too easily, but his purpose is fully achieved, to describe rather the spirit in which the Marines carried out their work than the exact details which surrounded it.

Within the scope of this book nothing else could have been attempted, since the history of the Marines is virtually the history of the war. With the exception of Dunkirk, there was no major action in which they did not play some part, through Norway, Iceland, the Battle of the River Plate, Singapore, Tobruk, Dieppe, Italy and the beaches of Normandy, to Walcheren. In all these actions the Marines took their place alongside the other Services, but theirs was the special task rather than the general. Their function—and it was from Marine formations and from Marine tradition that the Commando units grew—was the exceptional assignment, to be the first to establish a beach head, to ferry in supplies or to provide a diversionary raiding party. "First on and last off" was one of their mottoes, and when taking part in combined operations they never lost their sense of identity. During the withdrawal from Norway, though ordered to abandon all equipment, Captain Wilson, R.M., kept the evacuating destroyers waiting for twenty minutes while he rescued every gun and every man. He stated later that it was not the policy of the Corps to leave its equipment in enemy hands.

But it was not primarily in the manœuvres of armies that their particular role lay, but rather in the individual operations for which this past war found more scope than its predecessor. Mass disaster or mass triumph, though awe-inspiring, are often not as immediately moving as they should be, but in the smaller and more specialised expeditions of the Marines can be seen more clearly and in microcosm the sustained bravery and talent for improvisation, which though obscured by modern wars, is still necessary to win them. Officered by men who "find their happiness in hope and enterprise and change" the "Special Boat Service" operated in the Mediterranean from 1940 until the end of the war in Europe, moving in small parties and privateering. Landing on Rhodes, moving in twos and threes to blow up an airfield, paddling up the Gironde Estuary in canoes in the teeth of a tide-race to attach limpet-mines to German shipping, fighting with desperate and lonely bravery in the open terrain of the Adriatic marshes near Lake Commachio, were operations particularly to their taste and training.

Something of diplomatists, the Marines were entrusted with the preventative landing in Iceland and with the garrisoning of some of Tito's Dalmatian islands. They mounted guard on the Cabinet Offices, and were present at Quebec and Yalta: in 1941 it was a Corporal and three Marines who were assigned the task of accompanying Lord Beaverbrook to Moscow. The Globe was their theatre of war as well as their badge. Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart adopts the verse by Guillaume Apollinaire:—

> Avec ses quatres dromadaires
> Senor de l'Alfaroubeira
> Courut le monde et l'admira.
> Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
> Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

But for Senor de l'Alfaroubeira he substitutes the Marines.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

NEW NOVELS

If I Were You . . . By JULIAN GREEN. Translated from the French by J. H. F. MCEWEN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

A Stranger on the Stair. By CHAPMAN MORTIMER. *Hart-Davis.* 8s. 6d.

The Man Who Carved Women From Wood. By MAX WHITE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 9s.

"*Je est un autre.*" Rimbaud's thought is the starting-point for Mr. Green's new novel—"an attempt to set in order certain matters which have puzzled me ever since I was a child . . . why I was my particular self and not someone else." Mr. Green has treated his subject as "a fantastic adventure story"; the regrettable result is that *If I Were You* is nearer to the forced conceits of this author's *Minuit* than to his better and more realistic works—*Adrienne Mesurat* for example. Still, this study in empathy has many remarkable qualities. Mr. Green's readers will be familiar with the cast of nearly all his people: his hypersensitive boys and girls, still in the clutches of a clammy adolescence, all belong to one sick tribe. Sick in body, sick in mind, sick in love and inevitably upside down with God, they act out their dramas in the tightly buttoned confines of French provincial towns. Fabian Especel, a gauche and ugly clerk blighted with heart disease, suffers from all the Green *malaises*. "Nothing ever happens to me," he complains, "mine isn't a life at all; still less the life of a young man." No wonder the Devil materialises to tempt such promising material. Don't sell your soul to be perpetually young or rich or in love, Mephistopheles advises him; only constant variety can save your life from boredom. How would you like to change identities with anyone you choose? Fabian accepts and learns the Satanic formula for this—a phrase of Hebrew—but somehow he always chooses disastrously. Like young Bultitude, he first tries to get his own back on authority, by appropriating the life of his employer, but the old monster's kidney disease makes this a painful metamorphosis. Next he plumps for a younger, healthier man—alas an imbecile and murderer. Fabian's third choice is an odious young Pharisee, corroded with piety and improper thoughts. His last is a handsome, rather gutless young man; but Fabian finds his apparently conventional life so beset with domestic difficulties that he aches to have back his own identity. He eventually manages the return to his proper self, though it means death, but death out of the Devil's orbit, in the arms of his mother, even of God.

Mr. Green "avoids purposely any philosophical bias in telling (his) story," which is as well. All the same he brings his narrative round to a moral conclusion—"a man can neither escape his own destiny nor the approach of death." Where other writers misuse psycho-analytical jargon to suggest the symptoms of an abnormal state, Mr. Green notes, meticulously, and objectively, every nuance, so that we can follow the development of mental disorder in all its crazy logic. Thus he builds up a picture of the canker in a secret life, of the hair-springs which set-off hysteria and of a conscience rotted with guilt and scruples. How is it then that we are left with a sense of disappointment?

In his diary Mr. Green refers to his "horror

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of the modern world, in particular of everything made by machinery, of everything that bears no trace of the human hand . . ." Elsewhere he says "*je voudrais écrire pour celui qui est seul.*" He would appear from this to have isolated himself and to be writing only for those kindred spirits who have fled this harsh world—a dangerous attitude for a novel-writer. All his sympathies are with the introvert; he has chosen to withdraw to a vacuum and has little to say to those of us who cannot hide away; perhaps this is where he just misses being an important novelist. Mr. Green could still compensate for his lack of an anchor in life by relating his work to some moment in time. Admittedly he assures us that *If I Were You* is "a precisely detailed account of events taking place in a town in the North of France in the year 1920 or thereabouts," but he might just as well have set this story twenty-five or even a hundred years earlier, in the period of Mathurin or Lefanu, either of whom could have written this story. Mr. Green beguiles the imagination as ingeniously as those two fantasists, but never engages the mind.

If Mr. Green's book is a fairy-tale for adults, then *A Stranger on the Stair*, is an adventure story for boys. A young man, "a suit of clothes on Sunday. He was as anonymous as that," visits the squalid quarter of an unnamed French town to solve the mysterious death of his brother, Charles, a tiresome young man who "wanted to see life . . . poverty; vulgarity; vice. All the eternal things in fact." Before his death Charles had gone to live in spectacular squalor with Edouard, an ugly androgynous creature with a mean line in aphorisms. He it is who tells the story of the dead boy's last weeks; how Charles and Tonton, the *maquereau* son of Edouard's sadistic concierge, became obsessed with one another; how Tonton went off with an alley-cat girl called Pipa; how Charles had Pipa on the sly to get his own back; and finally how Tonton and Pipa's father, the local brute, pushed Charles off a roof one dark night. A simple, vicious little tale, but Mr. Mortimer tells it in a pretentious idiom which recalls the atmosphere of Djuna Barnes' over-rated *Nightwood;* also he has a maddening way of making a new paragraph for almost every sentence:—

> What more could he do?
> He might well have asked.
> And as you know, he was incapable of answering that question.
> He didn't know that a man can always laugh . . .

Worse, whimsey runs away with him:

> Since giants ceased to walk over cities with their bootstraps brushing away the chimney-pots, no effort has been made to conceal the mysteries and beauties of rooftops.

Tiresome mannerisms apart, Mr. Mortimer writes with some ability; he also has a good eye—photographic rather than artistic—for atmosphere and locality. At best his descriptions recall Brassai and René Clair, at worst James Pryde.

The Man Who Carved Women From Wood also has a fantastic flavour. It could have been a diverting *jeu d'esprit*, for Mr. White draws eccentric characters with the light hand of a *New Yorker* cartoonist. Unfortunately he never knows when to stop. The venue is New Orleans where the goonish fringe is apparently very bizarre. However, even freaks pall and the author shows off his legerdemain at least once too often. His light hand piles on too many light touches; his creatures of fancy creak and stagger. Geneva Howard, a tarnished rather drunken opera-singer, opens a lodging-house, so that she need never be lonely. Her guests include Maria Weber, who keeps her mother in a travelling cabinet (not only is old Mrs. Weber clairvoyant and a kleptomaniac, she also "ran the most elegant and expensive bordello in all New York"); Lilian Miles, known as Miss Bubs on account of her magnificent embonpoint; a silent beautician; a Cajun couple; a mysterious burglar; two exotic brothers, Elia who mends rugs and Oleg who carves women from wood, and their cigar-smoking mother, a Mittel-Europa baroness who runs a riding academy. This last lady gives Mr. White a chance to display his own brand of fancy humour.

> She always lived so simply . . . Tennis before breakfast, just a light lunch, something plain to wear by Mr. Worth, a swim before cocktails, everything well ventilated. Clay pigeons, thoroughbred Andalusians, pedigreed [*sic*] dogs. Nothing elaborate.

Mr. White dedicated his book to Gertrude Stein. If only he would emulate her salutary economy.

JOHN RICHARDSON

THE ARCADIANS

England's Helicon. The Muses' Library. Edited by HUGH MACDONALD. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

No ordinary student of English literature need ask for a more scholarly edition of *England's Helicon* than the Muses' Library provides for eight and sixpence, carefully edited by Hugh Macdonald. To less academic readers, this little anthology, first published in 1600, may suggest many reflections; first, it may well be, surprise that an anthology compiled in the golden age of English poetry should contain such a number of dull poems, conventional pastoral wooings and lamentations, undistinguished and indistinguishable. Will some reader, three hundred years from now, feel the same astonishment that the period of Joyce, Yeats, Eliot and Lawrence, should have yielded so many dull collections of unmemorable verse? I find it on the whole encouraging to notice that the largest number of poems in *England's Helicon* are by one Yong, who does not even appear in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. Every age has its Yong. But second only to Yong comes Sidney, whose grave and beautiful pastoral mood is as enduring as the landscape of Claude. Indeed if the present vogue for landscape painting and Virgil expresses some current need of the soul, a revival of interest in Sidney's poetry is perhaps to be looked for.

England's Helicon, for better and for worse, is a product of the Arcadian enchantment, found at its best in Sidney and Spenser. This particular association of images had indeed a magical effect on poets of that time, and scores of minor poets repeat and reflect the mountains, valleys, forests, music, morning and evening of a world populated only by lovers and their shepherdesses, those symbolic ladies half divine (and then approaching rather to the image of Diana than to Venus) and half all-too-human. Even the most lecherous pastoral and madrigal verse is, one feels, carried on the stronger and more mysterious current of this cult of a semi-divine feminine figure, the Goddess Nature, perhaps, appearing at a moment when the decline of old religious symbols permitted poets to discover and create their own symbols of divinity. Less potent than the ladies of Dante or Petrarch, this divine feminine presence (unknown to Virgil) is always to be found in the English Arcadia, honoured and desired as shepherdess or Faerie Queene. This reverence for the feminine attributes of humanity, so marked at that time, has perhaps had its effect on more than our poetic tradition, and determined, for the good, the very quality of English culture ever since. The Athenian cult of the male, like the German, was soon followed by wars of extermination, the inevitable consequence of an under-estimation of the Goddess.

The modern reader may also reflect, with surprise, on the number of noble names that appear in the index of *England's Helicon*, Sidney and Raleigh, the Earls of Cumberland, Surrey and Oxford, almost outnumbering men of humbler birth—Marlowe, Spenser, Shakespeare, Drayton and Breton. In 1600 an editor thought it necessary to point out to his noble contributors that they had no right to "take it in scorn, that a far meaner man in the eye of the world shall be placed by him." Politicians, civil servants, generals, big business men and trade union officials, our new rulers, seldom figure in the indices of anthologies of verse, but one need not perhaps underline only one among so many signs of modern barbarity. At least our poets are on the whole no worse, and it would not be difficult to compile a dozen contemporary anthologies containing as many poems likely to survive three centuries as any in *England's Helicon*, not excepting *Come live with me and be my love*, or the undistinguished *Passionate Sheepheard's Song*, the single poem by which Shakespeare is represented in the collection.

KATHLEEN RAINE

THE POETRY OF MEASURE

Art and Science: A Study of Alberti, Piero della Francesca and Giorgione. By ADRIAN STOKES. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Most writers on art are either only scholars, or only verbal impressionists, concerned to communicate little more than an account of their own reception of a particular painting at a particular moment. That is to say, we are familiar with a number of scholarly writers of acute intelligence who are nevertheless lacking in the capacity for experiencing that direct relationship with the art of the past which bestows the ultimate authority upon art criticism: we are also familiar with art journalism. The great writer of art criticism differs from both these. His writing is creative because in it we find evidence of a capacity for precise abstract thought as well as for intense subjective perception. The great critic of painting is one whose intellectual discipline is equivalent to that of the trained philosopher; whose use of words is at once as accurate and as suggestive as that of a poet; and whose knowledge of his subject is as direct and intimate as any painter's.

Mr. Adrian Stokes, whose latest book sums up much that he has revealed to us in a protracted and brilliant list, is precisely such a critic. In contemporary English art criticism his only companion of similar stature is Mr. Herbert Read. It is a part of the achievement of either writer that he has helped to diminish the antagonism prevailing between what might be called the "language of art" and the "language of science." And since the language of science has come, nowadays, largely to dominate popular modes of thought, anyone who translates the values of art into terms that will appear more rather than less valid to the scientific mind is helping to make those values slightly more accessible to laymen generally.

Against Mr. Stokes it has at times been said

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that his prose is "difficult" and his thought confused. Both charges are naturally invited by any writer with anything really new to say and the audacity to say it. But Mr. Stokes's "obscurity" is the genuine kind: that is, it arises from the difficult nature of his subject matter. Those who criticise it are looking at his writing from outside; they have not taken account of the nature of the things he is struggling to say. And the painters themselves—those whose primary experience is, on the other hand, precisely of these things, this subject-matter—are not often in a position to defend their champion. As for the quality of his prose, I should have thought it an almost perfected instrument for displaying the extremely subtle unfolding of his most original and many-sided thought. Besides, it has a flavour as distinctive as that of Mr. Ezra Pound's verse, let us say. Indeed, had *Colour and Form* or *Stones of Rimini* been printed as verse . . . but the success I can imagine this having with his sharpest critics must remain speculation.

I say Mr. Stokes's thought is "many-sided": it is also learned. Although no one has made a more intensive study of all the aspects of painting which the layman would label *technical*, Mr. Stokes is extremely concerned at every point in the journey across the surface of a painting to elicit the widest significances, to make connection with the greatest issues. Painting for Mr. Stokes reveals everything; the precise state of contemporary scientific knowledge no less than of religious belief is reflected—precisely and legibly, not vaguely—in the work of a great painter. The jerkiness or "confusion" of thought of which some have complained in Mr. Stokes is no more than a tying-up of things not often enough thought of together. Thus, when Mr. Stokes, writing of Piero in this book, says "Love and the love of perspective were one" he is making not a loose but a quite exceptionally tight statement. Indeed it contains the theme of the book in microcosm. In Alberti, Piero and Giorgione Mr. Stokes finds a calm and "outwardness" in almost perfect contrast to the frenzied "inwardness" of present-day painting, and this calm he finds deriving in part from the specially close relationship existing in Alberti's time between art and science.

> An applied mathematical approach—and thus did mathematics lend such power to art—brought in its train a thorough cognisance of observed relationships, of quantity and quality in terms of comparison, so that the trained eye grasped a widening order of interdependent values comprising the vast system of the outside world . . . [And] By demanding a new degree of objectivity, the simple measurements of that time wore an ennobling, a humane look.

When he arrives at Piero his own emotion becomes intense: in Piero the visual poetry that stemmed from measure and an ordered investigation of the natural world begins to flower in full, wide-open, resplendent calm. Though he tells us that Piero in his book on perspective "came near to identifying painting with this science," Mr. Stokes goes on: "Except in front of his paintings it is difficult to grasp how much emotion, and in particular a sense of implicit order . . . could have been stimulated and released by the employment of geometrical perspective." One could say something of the sort about Cubist paintings by Braque or Picasso; but Mr. Stokes might not be with one. For if his book contains implicit advice to a modern painter it is that a return should be made to the contemplation of the open face of Nature. The spatial sequences of Nature have an even, legible consistency denied by modern painting, in which form itself is cryptic, allusive and many times compressed. But "Piero achieved equation between true science and a majestic rapture from the earth. We sense geometry and number expressing the amplitude of love . . . Love and the love of perspective were one, the perspective, for instance, of tilted circular shapes expressed with the slow piety of very exact drawing." And yet again:

> Piero's forms are familiars. . . . No form accepts sacrifice to the emphasis of another. Distributed by perspective they converse through spatial simultaneity, through their affinities that search it out. . . . Noble science gives more than the framework, gives undying accent to the straight mysterious growing of the countryside. Perspective separates, colour and form bring together in family circle the crupper on a horse and the shoulder of a hill, the fluting of columns and the folds of a dress. To our eyes a slow majesty as of white oxen upon the white ribbon of a road between the terre-verte hills, belongs to the valley of the upper Tiber where Borgo San Sepolcro lies, Piero's town.

By its new insights into situations long since passed away this book illumines the present: but it cannot lead us violently to reverse engines and return to attitudes five hundred years old. Painting now makes its correspondences with reality by subconscious routes: if any branch of science were relevant to its processes i. would be that which attempts to probe the nature of our minds. (Even so, there is little chance of psychologists catching up with the artist.) Yet Mr. Stokes's profound preoccupation with a return to "outwardness" may well be prophetic. We shall exhaust Picasso's mines in time.

PATRICK HERON

SALT AND STRANGE

The Sea and its Mysteries. By JOHN S. COLMAN. *Bell.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Colman, Lecturer in Zoology at Sheffield University, has written a most readable and almost certainly a most reliable introduction to the whole science of Oceanography—though as a matter of fact his subject is not a single science, but a compound of physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, meteorology, botany and zoology, with, perhaps, psychology thrown in. And, for all that he claims to speak as an expert in only one department, he has obviously so mastered the others that his book is a well-composed unity, conveying an enthusiasm which buoys the reader's interest up as readily through pages on currents, waves and tides—potentially dry subjects, so to speak—as on the more lively problems presented by eels or whales.

One of the interests to a non-expert in reading such books as this, lies in noting the point of view or general background from which the subject is approached. Mr. Colman, in common with other scientists, starts from preconceptions which are perceptibly different from those held by the last generation, or the last generation but one. The late Sir Ray Lankester, for instance, seems really to have believed that, simply by adding one bit of information to another, everything would in time be known. Mr. Colman reverts to an older and a humbler but not less honourable attitude—facing, almost welcoming, "the scientific paradox that the fuller and more precise becomes our knowledge, so the larger becomes the known field of our ignorance." His book contains, as its title suggests, many acknowledged mysteries.

These perplexing problems range from the slightly elementary one—the first "mystery" in the book—of how the Irish Hermits got to Iceland (one feels that, though they were Hermits and though they were Irish, they must have got there by water, and probably in a boat) to the more seriously mysterious movements of those beautifully carved microscopic plants, the Diatoms; and to such questions as why some fish inhabiting the utterly dark depths should have well-developed eyes, whilst others are quite blind.

Or there are those vast submarine canyons, with their precipices, pinnacles and ridges, into which silt is continually pouring but on whose bottoms, for some unknown reason, no sediment collects. Yet surely the oddest facts contained in this book concern a whale and a fish. The whale, *Pseudorca cassidens*, "had been described from Pliocene fossils, but was 'known' to be extinct"; nevertheless, all of a sudden "in the last 40 years some scores of Pseudorca have rushed ashore and died on the coasts of Scotland." The case of the fish, a Coelacanth, is even queerer, for these creatures "do not occur in any deposits later than the Cretaceous," that is to say they have apparently been extinct since the Chalk era—or so everyone supposed till 1938, when a four-foot specimen was landed in South Africa.

Those whales and that fish, with other palæontological anomalies, blowing up like a breath from Conan Doyle's *Lost World*, make what used to be called, triumphantly or with awe, the "Record of the Rocks," and opinions based on it, look a shade silly.

However, one must not give the impression that Mr. Colman is merely or mainly a mystery-monger. His mysteries are not too numerous, and are no more than pleasing plums in a pudding that contains all the solid grist, in the way of statistical tables, diagrams, and so on, that the average reader is likely to want. The book is well illustrated with line drawings, maps and photographs, and it contains a good bibliography and index.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,051

Set by Hunter Diack

The usual prizes are offered for the wittiest clues to the following words or phrases as they might appear on a cross-word puzzle in the *New Statesman*: fellow-traveller; proprietary drugs; abstract forms; iron curtain; calling the tune; delaying tactics; red light; London Diary; cold war; boiled shirt. Entries by April 18th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,048

Set by Tom Paine

Overheard in Kingsway:

(Powerful characteristic Western American voice): "But I don't do that! If I don't like I don't buy."

(English accent, possibly from Oxford): "I do not think that you quite understand the position.'

Competitors are invited to continue this conversation for 150 words.

R port by Tom Paine

Mr. David Todd, (Amherst College, Massachussets) writes:

Please let me point out that no American ever used the phrase "If I don't like I don't buy," so it was a little difficult for me to get started. I made the reasonable assumption that the American in this dialogue has to correspond to the British notion of an American, and I have been greatly aided in carrying out this mission by reading faithfully a column in a certain British paper by one Nat Gubbins, who frequently parades quaint Americans characterised by even quainter speech.

What success I may have achieved I owe entirely to Mr. Gubbins.

Having thus knocked the bottom out of the competition, he submits a winning entry.

Here's a problem! I can only assure Mr. Todd that I heard the conversation with my own ears and jotted it down immediately. But I ought to have known from experience that no American recognises American speech as it is heard abroad, any more than an Englishman can ever understand why foreigners insist on shamefully caricaturing what he imagines to be his own impeccable King's English. Language after all goes very deep into the roots of our being; laughing up our sleeves at each other's speech is a twentieth-century equivalent of secretly sticking pins into wax images of our rivals. Therefore any English entry for this Competition is likely to be deeply offensive to every American reader. I would not have dared to print, much less give a prize to Mr. David Todd if he had not written from New England. He scores two guineas, so does L.E.J.; one guinea each to Allan M. Laing and Maurice Harvey. Honourable mention, G. J. H.

Choice of language apart, the problem which intrigued me when I heard this scrap of conversation was to envisage the situation in which the Englishman for some reason of business, morals, taste or expediency would try to persuade the American to override the simple rule of hedonistic man.

"But I don't do that! If I don't like I don't buy".

"I do not think you quite understand the position. Epstein's works are not meant to be *liked*. You said you wanted something cultural."

"Sure. I promised Judge Kelly, only—"

"Nothing could be more cultural than the *Lazarus*."

"Is that so? It looked to me like some kind of a package."

"Of course, if you know better than a great sculptor—"

"Well, would Epstein adjust the neck, do you think?"

"Is there a neck? Anyway, Epstein won't alter a masterpiece."

"Judge Kelly might not know it was a masterpiece. Look, I met Lord Munnings—would he certify it?"

"He would not. Epstein might, perhaps."

"That would be fine. Say, how much do I pay?"

"Six thousand dollars?"

"No, Sir. I promised Judge Kelly to donate a ten-thousand-dollar cultural me-mento—"

"Offer ten, then."

"Holy Smoke! I've just remembered something! Can you beat it!"

"Remembered what?"

"Judge Kelly's Ma was a Lazarus! He'll be tickled to death!" L. E. J.

American: "But I don't do that! If I don't like I don't buy."

Britisher: "I do not think that you quite understand the position."

A.: "Sure, I understand the position . . . as soon as you fellows over here see an American coming down the street you start selling him something. If it isn't one of those dinky cars of yours it's one of those "art" movies. But this is the first time I've heard you will cut a man open to grab an easy buck. No kidding, you guys don't know when to stop."

B.: "But really you know, you misinterpret my motives completely. What I mean is . . ."

A.: "Yeah, you want to take my liver out so that I'll have to spend a couple of months on one of those Silly Isles of yours getting my health back, and just *incidentally* running up a big hotel bill to help pay for your Socialism . . . not on your life."

B.: "But you don't understand—it won't cost you a penny, really, it won't, not even the stay at a health resort."

A.: "It's FREE!! What are we waiting for? Take the darned liver—and the kidney too, doctor." DAVID TODD

"But I don't do that! If I don't like, I don't buy."

"I do not think that you quite understand the position."

"How come?"

"The firm I have the honour to represent has never cared to concentrate on what people like. To do so would inevitably mean a lowering of standards and a lapse in taste. With a background of many years' experience and an unrivalled expertise, we offer only the best—which, if I may say so without offence, is what the public seldom recognise when they see it."

"I get you. We gotta take your word for it?"

"Precisely. And you will not regret it. Put yourselves in our hands and although it may involve a slight sacrifice of your own personal taste, we guarantee eventual satisfaction."

"Gee, you British are a tough proposition."

"My dear sir, we have our traditions."

"I'll say you have. O.K., gimme the order book." ALLAN M. LAING

"Sure I understand the position. We've bought toothpicks from British Interdental Hygiene since nineteen-o-two. If we stop now, a lot of guys get fired. Maybe you inclusive. Don't think I don't commiserate you."

"That is a contingency which must be taken into account. I was, however, more concerned with the international balance of payments."

"The heck you were. And I was concerned about the culture of the great American Middle West. The era of the seasoned oak toothpick is past. The modern American plastic pick is spearpointed and does not split. You got to move forward. Is this the place?"

"After you. No doubt these plastic models have superficial advantages from the point of view of—ah—presentation. But from the medical standpoint, they are not, I believe, impregnated?"

"They're flavour-fresh and toothsome-tasting. Out West, impregnated ain't talking. Straight Scotch."

"And give me a Bronx will you, Nellie?" MAURICE HARVEY

American Voice: "But I don't do that! If I don't like I don't buy."

English Accent: "I do not think that you quite understand the position."

A.V.: "No?"

E.A.: "No. New cars are in short supply."

A.V.: "Maybe. But you don't have to marry your deceased wife's granny just because she gotten no pretty kid sister."

E.A.: "I—er—I am not quite with you, I—er—"

A.V.: "That's bad. Look: try another family! Another firm! Tell 'em—what color did you say, off-puce?—tell 'em off-puce and you don't get on so good."

E.A.: "Ye-es . . . I could say that this particular shade offends my aesthetic sensibility."

A.V.: "Yeah. I guess you could even say that!"

E.A.: "But it is quite another question to go to another firm."

A.V.: "That so?"

E.A.: "Why yes. In point of fact I have been on *this* waiting-list for five years—"

A.V.: "What do you know!"

E.A.: "—Another firm might well mean waiting another decade or so."

A.V.: "Uh-huh. I reckon you and off-puce just gotta make this thing up: kiss and make friends kinda fast—"

E.V.: "Exactly! That you will remember, was my original point!" G. J. H.

CHESS: Black and White

No. 31

I am not referring to a notable brand of alcoholic refreshment but to the perennial question whether or not it is an advantage to have either White or Black. For a long time the advantage of White was considered so obvious that Bogoljubov, never prone to an inferiority complex, was alleged to have stated: "When White I win because I have White, when Black I win because I am Bogoljubov." More recently some adherents of the "super-modern" school would claim a distinctive advantage for Black, and it was almost suggested that White—particularly if he were rash enough to open with that incredibly fossil blunder P-K4—might as well resign there and then rather than attempt a 2nd move. It would be interesting to know if readers of this column are strongly opinionated on this subject.

Here, at any rate, is an example of Black grasping the initiative to score a quick triumph. So as to do yet a little more homage to Yates, I chose a neat little game he played against E. Larson in the Hamburg Team Tournament 1930.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(13)	P-QKt3 P-KR3
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(14)	B-KB4 R-Kt5!
(3)	Kt-B3	Kt-B3	(15)	P-KR3 B-Q3
(4)	P-Q4	P x P	(16)	B-Q2 R-KR5
(5)	Kt x P	B-Kt5	(17)	B-B5 B-R3
(6)	Kt x Kt	KtP x Kt	(18)	B-Q3 B x B
(7)	B-Q3	P-Q4	(19)	Q x B Kt-Kt5!
(8)	P x P	P x P	(20)	R-K2 B-R7 ch
(9)	O-O	O-O	(21)	K-R1 B-B2!
(10)	B-KKt5	P-B3	(22)	K-Kt1 Kt-K4
(11)	Q-B3	B-K2	(23)	Q-R6 Kt-B6 ch!
(12)	QR-K1	R-Kt1!	(24)	P x Kt Q-Q2
			(25)	resigns

Here—Bird-Gunsberg, Hastings, 1897—is an even more drastic example of Black turning the tables on White quite early in the game.

(1)	P-KB4	P-K4	(6)	Kt-Q4 Kt-QB3
(2)	P x P	P-Q3	(7)	Q-R4 Q-R5ch
(3)	P x P	B x P	(8)	K-Q1 P-Kt6
(4)	Kt-KB3	P-KKt4	(9)	P-QKt3? Q x RP!
(5)	P-QB3	P-Kt5	(10)	resigns.

For this week's competition, it seems only fair to divide honours evenly between the rival colours, with due precedence for Black.

Here — Barcza - Simagin, Moscow, 1949—White had just captured the enemy RP with his Kt. This turned out to be a decisive mistake, leading to resignation in a matter of nine moves. An endgame, by no means as easy as it looks and, indeed, full of *finesse*. What is Black's proper winning line against the best defence?

Here it is White to win. A study by M. Botvinnik, the world champion, and not so very easy either. I will merely give this hint that White's sixth move involves a surprising retreat.

Usual prizes. Entries by April 17.

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 26

(Set March 18)

A: (1) R-B8ch, KxR. (2) P-Kt7ch, K-Kt1. (3) P-Q5, K-B2. (4) P x R. (B ?), K-Kt1. (5) B-Kt7, K-B2. (6) K x P, etc.
B: (1) P-B7, K x P. (2) P x Ktch, K x R, P-Kt7, etc.
C: (2) . . . K-Q7. (3) K-R2, K-B7, etc.

Scores of successful competitors, and again I cannot mention them all, not even those who provided additional material. They, of course, shall get due recognition and the usual book-tokens whenever their suggestions are used. (Some are quite excellent.) Prizes, this time, shared for painstakingly exact analyses by R. C. Chaturvedi, W. Goerke, W. B. Keeling, G. W. Lines, R. C. O. Matthews. The latter, incidentally, is not the only correspondent to suggest some new system of awards. For some time now, I have myself been considering the merits and demerits of various point-systems intended to reward the assiduous consistency of regular competitors without discouraging an occasional flash of brilliance from a casual contributor. In a week or two the result of such deliberations will be announced. Meanwhile, it would be (democratically) useful to have many more readers' suggestions. Here, after all, is a case of *tua res agitur*. ASSIAG

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. The Council of King's College invite applications for the post of Staff Tutor, to be resident in Carlisle and to work in Cumberland. Rented house available. Salary within the scale of £600 × £30 to £1,100, with child allowance and F.S.S.U. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. A good honours degree in English or Economics required. Twelve copies of application, together with the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be submitted, not later than April 22, 1950, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

UNIVERSITY of Belfast. The Queen's University Lectureship in Economics. The salary scale is £800 × £30 to £1,150 plus F.S.S.U. Initial placing to depend on quals. and exp. Applic. by May 15, 1950. Particulars from G. R. Cowie, M.A., LL.B., Secretary.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics with first or second-class honours, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1950 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1950; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1950. Salary scales for men in London: Senior Scientific Officers, £700 × £25–£900; Scientific Officers: £400 × £25–£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from Secretary, Civil Service Commission (Scientific Br.), 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St. London, W.1, quoting No. 2887.

SUDAN Government. The Research Division of the Ministry of Agriculture requires a Statistician for service in the Sudan. Preference will be given to applicants possessing an honours degree in mathematics with special knowledge of statistics and statistical methods. A knowledge of agriculture and the application of statistics to agricultural data and experiments is desirable but not important provided the applicant is well qualified and has had relevant experience. Appointment will be on short term contract for five years on a salary between £E.600 and £E.1,350 with special post-service bonus. Cost of living allowance varying between £E.180 and £E.390 per annum according to the number of dependants is at present payable, and, subject to certain limitations, an outfit allowance of £E.60 is payable on appointment. There is at present no income tax in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Full particulars and application form may be obtained on application to: Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Please mark envelopes "Statistician."

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Announcer, Wales, at Cardiff. Duties include preparation and editing of announcements, accurate timing of programmes and taking charge of speakers and artists at the microphone. Essential qualifications: good microphone voice, complete fluency in both Welsh and English and ability to translate quickly from one language to the other. Good general education and knowledgeable interest in music and literature are desirable. Starting salary £610 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £40 to £890 maximum. Initial appointment may be made on grade with starting salary £470 rising by £30 to £680 maximum with prospect of promotion to the higher grade at any time after 3 months' qualifying service, subject to attainment of requisite standard. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days marked "Announcer, Wales N. Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BALLIOL College, Oxford. The College proposes shortly to elect an Official Fellow and Tutor in Physics as from September 29, 1950, and invites applications, to be received not later than May 1, 1950. The choice of the College will not necessarily be confined to those who apply. Details may be obtained from the College Secretary, Balliol College.

QUALIFIED Social Worker, preferably between 30 and 35, required by the National Institute for the Blind. The post offers work of great interest to a woman with experience of family case work and children. Salary £400 per annum. Appl's Secretary General, 224-8 Great Portland St., London, W.1.

ORGANISING Secretary, Town & Country Planning Assn. Knowledge relevant subjects and interest in social conditions. Write, with record, salary, age, etc., Chairman, 28 King St., W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Leeds. Department of Psychology. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Industrial Psychology at a salary on the scale £550 rising by £30 annually to £1,100 a year. The initial salary may be above the minimum according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Applications should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) by April 15, 1950.

UNITED Nations. English Translators and Minute-Writers. An examination will be held about mid-May in London, Geneva and New York to recruit Translators and Minute-Writers whose mother-tongue is English. Candidates should have a fluent and accurate English style, a perfect knowledge of spoken and written French and of one of the other official languages (Spanish, Russian or Chinese). A sound background of economics, of political science or law is required. Intending applicants, who should have a university (honours) degree or the equivalent, or outstanding relevant experience, are invited to write, before April 18, for further information to: Personnel Division (English Translators), United Nations, Palais des Nations, Geneva, Switzerland, encl. self-addressed business size env.

BRITISH Transport Commission. Applications are invited for the post of Woman Librarian in the Chief Research Officer's Department of the Commission, St. Pancras Chambers, London. The selected candidate, who will have to establish and operate a Scientific and Technical Library, should possess a recognised qualification in librarianship and have experience in dealing with scientific and technical documents. A knowledge of German or French desirable. Commencing salary is £550 per week, rising by two biennial increments to £640. Applications, stating date of birth, qualifications, previous experience, present post and salary, together with any other relevant information, should be sent to the Principal Staff Officer, British Transport Commission, 55 Broadway, London, S.W.1, to arrive not later than April 19, 1950. The selected candidate will, where eligible, be required to join a contributory superannuation scheme, and in this respect to comply with whatever provisions are decided upon later for the staff of the Commission as a whole.

WELSH Regional Hospital Board. Neuropsychiatric Research Centre, Whitchurch Hospital, Cardiff. Psychologist. Applications are invited for a full-time research post in the Neuropsychiatric Research Centre for work on fundamental problems in Physiological Psychology. Applicants should have a degree and research experience. The Department is affiliated with the University. The post will be subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations and the successful applicant will be required to submit to a medical examination. Applications, naming a referee, should be sent as soon as possible to the Secretary, Welsh Regional Hospital Board, Temple of Peace and Health, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

CANE Hill Hospital Management Committee, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the position of Psychiatric Social Worker. The hospital provides accommodation for over 2,000 male and female patients and serves a wide area in South London, where five out-patient clinics are held. Clerical help is available. Applicants must hold a Mental Health Certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Salary will be in accordance with the recommendations of the J.N.C. (£370 × £20—£510 a year). Applications, giving the names of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

ORGANIZING Secretary required by Leeds Zionist Council. Good salary and pension scheme for suitable applicant with good administrative and organising abilities. Vacancy occurs owing to present secretary's emigration to Israel. Application in writing to the Hon. Secretary, 107 Chapeltown Road, Leeds, 7.

THE National Old People's Welfare Committee invites applications from experienced social workers for the post of Tutor for a six months' Training Course in London for Wardens or Matrons of Old People's Homes beginning in September, 1950. A Social Science Diploma or Certificate, teaching experience, especially with older students, and a knowledge of old people's work an advantage. Salary £500 for six months. For full particulars send stamped addressed envelope within two weeks to 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG woman Graduate required for work on indirect cost control, in the planning department of large engineering firm in North Manchester. Candidates with an Economics Degree & some statistical knowledge preferred. Previous exper. an advantage. Salary in accordance with qualifications & exper. Box 5786.

LONDON County Council. Major Establishment. An open competitive examination for appointments to first class (b) of the major establishment will commence June 5, 1950. Standard slightly higher than Intermediate Examination of London University. Candidates must be 17½ and under 18½ on August 1, 1950. Appointments reserved for those called for national service before taking up duties. Salary £240 × £20–£300 × £25–£550. Promotion to higher administrative positions with salaries up to £1,100 a year is by merit. Application forms (O.C.1) obtainable from Clerk of the Council (A.1), The County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped addressed env. reqd.). Forms to be returned with entrance fee of £1 by May 1, 1950. (269)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

KENT County Council. The Children's Committee of the Kent County Council invite applications for appointment of Women Welfare Officers. Duties will include the selection of foster homes and the care of children boarded out under the Provisions of the Children Act, 1948, and Children and Young Persons Act, 1933; adoption enquiries and case work in connection with children appearing before Juvenile Courts. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or appropriate academic qualification, or have had previous experience in social work with children. Salary in accordance with Scale A.P.T.1 of the National Scales (£390 a year by £15 yearly increments to £435 a year). The candidates appointed will be required to pass a medical examination and the appointments will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, Kent, to whom they should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

EAST Sussex Education Committee. The Grammar School, Rye. Applications are invited for the post of Senior and Assistant Housemistress in the new boarding house for Girls, Saltcote Place, which is to be opened in September, 1950. The house will provide for 30 girls and is situated in a delightful setting overlooking Rye and the sea. The posts will carry special responsibility allowances of £120 and £80 respectively above the Burnham Scale. Living accommodation will be provided in the house. Candidates, who should preferably have had experience of boarding school work, will be appointed as members of the staff of Rye Grammar School (co-educational) and in their application should state the subjects they can offer. Application forms may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes, to whom they should be returned to reach him within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

WILTSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Boys' Home, "Stanbridge House," Holt, Nr. Trowbridge, Wilts. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Resident Superintendent and Matron (House Father and Mother) at this Home for approximately 20 boys. The house is attractive and pleasantly situated with good 'bus and train services. The salaries attached to the appointment are as follows: Superintendent, £310 × £15 to £395 per annum; Matron, £220 £15 to £250 per annum. Full residential emoluments are provided and valued at £150 per annum for each officer. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Trowbridge, Wilts. P. A. Selborne Stringer, Clerk of the County Council.

OFFICE-Manager-Bookkeeper required by prominent national voluntary association whose activities include organisation of growing membership, publication of books and monthly magazine, organisation of large foreign holidays programme, etc. First-class man wanted with experience of staff control, bookkeeping methods and systems, office machinery and supplies, P.A.Y.E., etc. Initial salary £500 to suitably experienced person. Write with fullest details of experience and salaries earned to Box 6566.

PARENTS' Group proposing to take over progressive school—approx. 40 children—in Sept., are looking for a man able to plan and co-ordinate educational work: subjects needed History and Geography. A woman teacher would also be needed for Kindergarten. Box 6011.

MUSIC Master or Mistress for Gordonstoun Prep. School. To teach piano & violin & to develop to the full the musical side of the school's life, including choir, school orchestra and music appreciation. Application, with copies of testimonials, to be sent to the Headmaster, Wester Elchies School, Aberlour House Aberlour, Banffshire.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of qualified mistress for housewifery department for School for the Blind in the North, for the tuition of Blind trainees 16 to 21 years. Resident or non-resident. Protestant. Burnham salary scale. Apply stating age and with copies of three testimonials to Box Z 156, Lee & Nightingale, Liverpool.

REQUIRED as soon as possible, Senior Assistant to Matron at a School for the Blind, in the North. Experienced in house-keeping, staff control, good disciplinarian and timekeeper. Protestant. Salary according to experience. Apply stating age with copies of three references to Box X 155 Lee & Nightingale, Liverpool.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker, with experience in Child Guidance and Adult Out-Patient work, required from July 1, 1950, at Social Psychotherapy Centre, 7, Fellows Rd., London, N.W.3. Salary on J.N.C. scale, with possibility of special responsibility allowance. Applications, stating age, experience, qualifications and present appointment, with names of two referees, to Assistant Secretary to Management Committee, Tavistock Clinic, 2, Beaumont St., London, W.1, by 30.4.50.

DEPUTY Matron for residential nursery in Liverpool, training and experience essential. Nursery Training College or N.N.E.B. certificate or similar. Salary £150, rising by £10 per annum to £200 plus full board residence. Applications, giving full details of age, experience and qualifications, to Liverpool Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 25 Pembroke Place, Liverpool, 3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PUBLICITY Manager of leading London book publishers reqs. woman secretary; shorthand & typing essential, previous publicity exp. desirable but not necessary. Please write, stating age & exp., Box 6111.

REQUIRED immediately, young single man (Protestant) for resident post at a School for the Blind. Duties include Attendant's work, general supervision, and Gymnasium instruction for youths aged 16-21 years. Must be good disciplinarian and organizer. Salary according to experience, but not less than £200 per annum, with free board, lodging and laundry. Apply with copies of three testimonials to Box E 992, Lee & Nightingale, Liverpool.

HOUSE-Warden (woman) required for Home for Rehabilitation of Blind, Torquay. Duties: catering, supervision of domestic staff, health and well-being of residents apart from rehabilitation treatment. Must be in sympathy with handicapped people and willing to work under general direction of Warden of Centre. Salary £250 p.a. resident. Applic. forms from Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland St. London, W.1.

HAMPSHIRE. Applications are invited for the appointment of an Assistant (man) at Abbey Wells Children's Home, Woolton Hill (30 children). Experience or qualifications required in the residential care of children. The post is superannuable and is subject to the passing of a medical examination. Application forms may be obtained from the County Children's Officer, 2 Clifton Terrace, Winchester, and must be returned not later than ten days after the publication of this advertisement.

JUNIOR CLUB and Play Centre in East London req. Instructors in the following subjects: Percussion Band, Ballet Dancing, Physical Training. Times: 5-6.15 p.m. Box 5959.

MATRON required for infants' (5 to 7) Home, Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Applicants should be qualified and experienced in child care with ability to control staff. Salary not less than £225 p.a. with full emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd. S.W.16, giving full particulars of career.

JUNIOR Boys' Club Leader (8-14's) required for the Oxford House, Mape St., Bethnal Green, London, E.2. Interesting residential post for single man keen on community life and work. Salary according to experience. Applics., giving details, to Warden.

WANTED, Club Leader (man), September. Junior Boys' Club 9-14, mixed Youth Club. Apply in writing with testimonials to The Warden, Bishop Creighton House, 372 Lillie Rd. Fulham, S.W.6.

WANTED, May or Sept., married couple as resident Master and Matron for small school for "difficult" children, N. Dorset. Sympathy & patience essential. Box 5541.

QUALIFIED form tutor required shortly for Hostel-school in Hampshire for maladjusted boys and girls. Children's Social Adjustment, 36 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8. Please give details in first letter.

APPLICATIONS are invited for appointment as Fieldworkers (male or female) to the York Family Service Unit. Social Science Diploma desirable but not essential. For further details apply in writing to the Secretary, York Community Council, 64 Walmgate, York.

VEGETARIAN family require domestic help. Interesting work, mutual co-operation, labour-saving house Hampshire Surrey border. Child of three. Adams, Malthouse Barn, Kingsley, Bordon, Hampshire.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts, requires Staff Matron, Teacher, Handyman/gardener. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

SECRETARY (woman) reqd. by large firm of general merchants established in Aden. Age 27-40. Univ. training preferred. Sound French with French shorthand essential. Must be able to take responsibility, and be prepared to live in Aden. Board & quarters provided. Excellent prospects. Apply in detail Box 5477.

EXP. Secretary wanted for large country Preparatory School, N. Scotland. Previous school experience an advantage. Please send copy testimonials when applying to Box 5562.

PERSONAL Assistant reqd. to the Controller of the London Secretarial Service. Apply for application form with stamped, addressed env. to 8 Charges St., London, W.1.

CLERK, bi-lingual French and English, typing, good at figures, good education. Also office boy/girl. Apply Librairie Française, 17 Gillingham St., S.W.1.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for Registrar's Department. Good working conditions. Five-day week. Five weeks' paid holiday. Pension scheme. Salary up to £320 per year according to age and experience. Apply by letter, giving particulars of age, education and exp., to Maintenance Officer, London School of Economics, Houghton St., W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

JOURNALIST left prison mid-March seeks employment. Experienced reporter and sub-editor. Has successfully edited English daily abroad. Work anywhere, any hours. Strong views on prison reform. Box 5499.

YOUNG American woman, honours graduate in political science, experienced in research, reporting for news magazine, and film script writing, desires post with a future. Highest references. Box 5491.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

EDUCATED shorthand-typists and secretaries will shortly complete their training and become available for employment. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers please write/phone Langham Secretarial College, 30 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

LADY aged 23 seeks responsible, progressive post. Experienced secretary, working knowledge French, German. Willing to travel. Box 5430.

WELL-educated German girl (20), trained as interpreter, seeks post with an English family, for period of six months or longer. Prepared to act as nurse or governess, and to assist in domestic duties. Box 5345.

FELLOWSHIPS

BALLIOL College, Oxford. The College proposes shortly to elect to an Andrew Bradley Research Fellowship in English Literature as from September 29, 1950. Applications should be made not later than May 10, 1950, to the College Secretary, Balliol College, from whom further details may be obtained.

WHERE TO STAY

LOCKNER Farm Guest House, Chilworth, Guildford, Surrey. Farmhouse atmosphere, own garden produce, riding stables attached. Guildford 619877.

ST. John's Priory, Poling, Arundel. Riding holidays in Sussex beauty spot. Charming XII Century house. Own produce and stables. Brochure on application. Tel. Arundel 3114.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accommodation and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. Terms 5gns. per week. Robertsbridge 148.

STOKE Gabriel, S. Devon. Redway Guesthouse offers country-lovers lovely views, every modern comfort, delicious food, willing service. A charming old house, not isolated & coast easily reached. Book now for summer; 5½/6½gns.

ISLE of Wight. Come and meet the Spring at Farringford, on a lovely wooded estate between downs and sea. A delightful cottage of your own with full hotel amenities and service. Inc. from 6gns. p. person wkly. Write for leaflet. Manager, Farringford, Freshwater, I.O.W.

CORNWALL (South) Guest House with quiet friendly atmosphere, nearest residence to Tregnack Sands. Near to Cadgwith, Mullion, The Lizard, Coverack and Helford River. Magnificent sea views, safe sandy beach approx. 5 mins. Vacancies except Aug. Write Kennack House, Ruggar, Ruan Minor.

CAPEL Court Riding Week-ends. 3 to 3½ guineas, including riding. Hunting by arrangement. Apply Capel Court, Capel-le-Ferne, Folkestone 346211.

LONDON, 124 Sutherland Ave., Maida Vale. Bed, breakfast, dinner (12s. 6d. daily incl.), h. & c., gas fires, all rms. Tennis. Reduced terms perm. residents. Tel. CUN. 2554.

CHILDREN from 2 to 7 years welcomed and cared for in country home surroundings. White, Box Wood, nr. Stevenage, Herts.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food: soft beds; a warm hotel; radiators and hot water in every bedroom. Apply Proprietor.

BOGNOR. Quiet Guest House. Good food, home comfort. Several sit.-rooms, pleasant gdn. "Wickworthy," Sylvan Way. Tel. 350.

PEMBROKESHIRE Holidays, sea, country, mountains. Tudor Davies, Tanybryn Farm, Dinas Cross. (August booked.)

BRIGHTON. "Wainui" Private Hotel, 6 Royal Crescent. Tel. 226651. Regency House, delightfully situated on sea front facing South and Palace Pier. H. & C. in bedrooms, every comfort and excellent food. 5 to 6gns. p.w. Personal supervision of Mrs. Miller-Robinson (Proprietress). Special winter terms.

BURCOT on Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence; boating, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel. Clifton Hampden 32.

CHELTENHAM Spa. Centre for the lovely Cotswolds. Ideal for restful holidays, tour centre, etc. For rail services inquire at stations, offices, agents. New guide and list of events from Dept. 40, Town Hall.

IRELAND. Strand Hotel, Inch, Kerry. (A.A.) Spend restful holiday in Dingle Peninsula. Overlooking Dingle Bay. Magnificent sandy beach, safe bathing, excellent catering, personal supervision. Moderate terms.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w. 60 acres. From 4½gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

SWITZERLAND. Comfortable Guest House, 3,370ft., magnificent scenery, overlooking lake, many easy walks and excursions. Excellent cuisine, personal attention. 14 francs daily, incl. Brochure: "Le Cerisier," Caux-sur-Montreux.

CORNWALL. — carefree happy holiday offered by French lady in her Cornish cottage to 2 or 3 persons only. ½ mile beautiful sandy beach; well-cooked food, real personal attention. £4 10s. weekly all incl. Mrs. Luxembourg. 4 Vicarage Rd. St. Agnes.

HAMBLE (Southampton Water, facing I.O.W.) Guest Hse.—large yacht annexe—3 acres grnds. Own prod. Swimming, etc. Riverside Hotel, Hamble. (Hamble 2156.)

WHERE TO STAY—continued

"ASHLEY Courtenay Recommended." A hallmark of reliability. The 1950 edition of "Let's Halt Awhile in Britain" describes some 500 of his recommended hotels in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and Channel Isles. Now available 7s. 6d. from your bookseller or 8s. with postage from Ashley Courtenay, 3rd Floor, 68 St. James's St., S.W.1.

MENDIP Hills. The Miners' Arms, Priddy, Nr. Wells, for good food & modern comfort. In open country at a height of 900ft. Bathing, fishing, riding available. (Phone Priddy 64.)

GLORIOUS Cotswolds, Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon. Comfortable, good food. Excellent centre.

FIRE. Cont. Guest House. Excellent cuisine, lovely scenery. Dublin 19 miles. Hoare, Yara-Yara, Greystones, Co. Wicklow.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court Hotel, 33 rooms, 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. 6gns. inclusive, 7-8gns. from June 3rd. Tel.: 1944.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA, superior guest house, surrounded own glorious gardens. French cuisine. Children supervised. Enjoyable stay; 4/5gns p.w. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd.

BIDE-A-WHILE Hotel, Port Gaverne, North Cornwall. For your Spring vacation. One visit and you return. Port Isaac 218.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Modn. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

CORNWALL. "Sennen Cove Hotel," Land's End, overlooking sea and glorious sands; h. & c., every amenity; double, 6gns. each till July 15, single 7gns. (Sennen 273.)

FOLKESTONE, Haydon Hse., 16 Bournemouth Rd. Close sea/golf links. Slumberland beds. Sep. tables. From 3gns. p.w. inc.

DEVON & Cornwall. May terms from £4-5 week, incl. Free illustrated brochure 18: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish (Tel. 2151).

COTSWOLD Country Club, Brockhampton Park, Nr. Cheltenham, for your holidays, honeymoon or rest cure. Magnificent mansion with modern luxuries. Excellent cuisine in oak panelled dining hall. Cocktail bar, dancing, tennis, riding, billiards. H. & C. in all rooms, sprung mattresses. Write for brochure E.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house in wooded grounds, close Pont-y-Pant stn., but in unique and lovely, colourful valley. Fine mountain walking. Continental type cooking. From 6gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

DULL days in London but Spring sunshine in Sussex. Enjoy the countryside at its loveliest, and comfort and good food in a hotel with a friendly atmosphere. Old Plaw Hatch, nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

HOMELY holiday accommodation for Easter and Summer in beautiful country with magnificent sea views near Pendine Sands, and on bus routes to Carmarthen and Tenby. Extensive grounds, tennis, billiards, own produce and honey. Family party welcomed. Terms £5 5s. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carmarthenshire. Telephone Laugharne 25.

FARM holidays with farmhouse food and friendliness. Fishing, shooting, climbing, golfing to taste. Sixty-four pages of holiday suggestions. Apply for our 1950 brochure. O.S.A. Tours, 74 Causeyside St., Paisley.

HOLIDAYS at the "Haven Guest House," New St., Torrington, Devon. Personal attention. Good food. Comf. beds. Lovely garden. Good centre for tours. Reas. terms.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country nr. Eastbourne. Own prod. Comfy beds. 3 acres gds. Ideal for Spring hol. Broch: Te Whare Hotel, Horam.

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PYRENEES. Few guests received from Easter in beautifully situated country house near Pau. Write Maelle Dannatt, Château de Balagué, Rébénacq, B. Pyr., France.

CORNISH fishing village, S.W. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Good food. Lt. Cmmdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (rtnd.).

APPLEBY, Westmorland, Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing. Golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

DEVON. Ayshford House, Sampford Peverell, Nr. Tiverton. Easy access either coast. Quiet holiday private house 5. aspect. Gdn., orchards. Max. 6 guests. Own stkg. rm. Prod. Eggs. Cromwell Rd., Hove 331061.

CONWAY. Mountain and sea. Holiday tariff on application. Bryn Dinas, Woodlands, Conway.

DUKE of York, Iddesleigh, Nr. Winkleigh. Small comf. hotel in remote beautiful part of N. Devon. Fishing/shooting by arrangement. 55gns. p.w. Hatherleigh 253.

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 58 delightful hotels in Devon and Cornwall, described & recommended in "Bide-a-While Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor, Lovely country house. Every modern convenience. All beds interior sprung. 15 acres grounds. Best cuisine. Among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Fishing, hunting. Golf at Rock (St. Enodoc). Open all year. Mildest climate in Britain. Excellent for asthmatics. Spring is now at its best. From 4gns. Port Isaac 234.

PERSONAL

EDUCATED girl, age about 24, required by French family living in France to speak English with two boys aged 3½ and 2 years. Knowledge of French or nursery training not required, but must be adaptable and fond of children. Live with family. Box 5476.

SPAIN: Recent photographs wanted to illustrate travel book. Especially Toledo, Madrid, architectural. Send list of subjects. Box 6152.

YNG. woman graduate, lit. & soc. interests, 20s. less stereotyped post; appropriate training willingly undertaken. Box 5495.

MARIAN Naylor. Short, intensive Stage Training Course. Coaching exams., auditions. Studio Central London. WIM. 2161.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

OXFORD Union Society Debating Hall (to seat 750) and rooms for offices available for Conferences during vacations. Please contact The Steward, Union Society, St. Michael's Street, Oxford.

WILLIAM Temple College, Rhwarden, Chester. Accommodation & catering for about 40 is available for Summer Schools, etc., in large country house with pleasant garden, July 17-24 & Aug. 14-Sept. 23. Apply Secy.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

WRITER of some experience willing to write speeches, etc., to order on basis of material supplied or sources of information indicated. Box 5464.

ACCENT and Dialect eliminated. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama), 3 Anerley Mansions, N.W.2. PRI. 1369.

PIANO lessons; advanced pupils, teacher with continental qualifications, resident Victoria. Box 5431.

VOCATIONAL guidance; marriage guidance; character delineation. Uncertain about your future? Consult J. N. Naylor, 72 George St., W.1. WEL. 5182.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

GOOD income can be made by story or article writing. Send for Secrets of Successful Writing, free, from Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

CRUISING on Canals. An Adventure. Fine cruisers for 2-6 people. Choice of lovely routes. Housebout and motorboat. Canal Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffs.

FRANCE. Attractive holiday programmes at paying guests in French families. Particulars from Mrs. Marion Guild, Windsor House, Victoria St., S.W.1. Abbey 7421.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18. Aug. 9 to Sept. 6, 1950. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 38 Barton Rd. Cambridge.

THE National Union of Students Travel Department, has pleasure in announcing its biggest programme of summer tours since the war. Tours to Europe's great Festival centres (Salzburg, Lucerne, Edinburgh, Oberammergau) riding, sailing, walking, climbing and lazing, from Helsinki to Lisbon, from Paris to Vienna. Also study tours of the U.S.A. Tour fees from £12 upwards. Many tours include air travel without increase over 3rd-class rail fares. Further details from N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

STUDENTS contemplating proceeding to the United States for educational purposes during summer 1950 should consult immediately the National Union of Students Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1., for details concerning the exceptionally advantageous facilities for movement to the U.S.A., which it disposes.

INEXPENSIVE escorted tours Switzd., Siena, Verona, Venice, Florence, Chamonix. S.C. Tours, Martigny, Switzerland.

A CONVERSATIONAL Holiday in France or Devon. Limited number of vacancies. Also French, German, Italian, Spanish Day or Evening Classes. Private lessons in all languages. Prospectus free: Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., 10 Portman St., W.1. May. 4640.

IF you want a Continental holiday, not organised for the masses but individually arranged for you—book now for 1950. All European countries. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

FRANCOPHILES, holiday & in fact any exchange between France & England arranged as and when read. Details from G. Froud, representing Anglo-French Inst. (Paris), 212 West Cromwell Rd. London, S.W.5.

PERSONAL—continued

ACCOMMODATION exchanged. "Holiday Exchanges," Wangford, Beccles, Suffolk.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol (Seefeld), July 30-Aug. 12; £26 incl. fare; a few more vacancies for rest. E. Beer, c/o Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

MAJORCA. Vacancies May/June, villa or flat, £4 wkly. 9 Paultons St., S.W.3.

LASCAUX Cave Paintings and delightful St. Jean de Luz, 17 days, £45. Amsterdam and Bruges, 16 days, £32 12s. Illust. booklet. Allways, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tem. 8702.

A STAY in France or Switzerland with a difference! Inexpensive, instructive, ideal opportunity to learn language. Social worker arranges exchange visits for children and adults. Particulars, Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., London, N.W.3. PRImrose 1370.

FLY to Corsica, Isle of Beauty, and spend two wonderful weeks at the Camp de l'Horizon. Excellent food, perfect freedom, swimming, boating, congenial companions. Very moderate all-in price. Write, 'phone or call: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Tel: City 7163/4.

BEAUTIFUL Corsica. Club Olympic of Paris will re-open their well-known Holiday Camp in Calvi on June 10. Book now! Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

SPRINGTIME in Paris. Make the most of your visit and feel "at home." "Chez Vous" offers you a friendly welcome and a delightful stay. Small informal parties at incl. chges. from London. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Pl. London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

WEEK-END house parties. London dances. For full prog. write/phone: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5831.

SUMMER holidays. If you want new ideas for a good holiday, either with a small group of professional people visiting Austria, Switzerland, Italy, France or Scandinavia, or with a house party in Britain or Eire, or an individually planned holiday, ask for details of my 1950 Holiday and Week-end Arrangements. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SCHOOLS

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking and Dane Court, Thatcombe, Blandford. Prep. schools for boys, same direction, same ideas, sensible discipline, good food, no exg. prep.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd. N.W.11.

REDCLIFFE Nursery and Pre-preparatory School. Children 5-9 welcome week-ends/holidays throughout the year. Country estate, Surrey, 3rd season summer camp—July, Aug., Sept. All outdoor activities including riding and swimming; nature study, crafts. Froebel staff. Particulars and bookings: The Principal, Mrs. E. D. Collins, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. FLAxman 0489.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

SMALL group of weekly boarders, St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave., N.W.3, now full, but transport arranged for weekly boarders at Country School, Stanford Park, near Rugby (ages 4-10).

THE Froebel School, Datchet, Bucks. School of 40 children run on Activity Methods with support of Parents' Group. Small group of weekly Boarders 5-6 years. Week-end escort to and from Waterloo. Miss Underwood, N.F.U.

THE New School, King's Langley, Herts. Non-profit-making Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 3 to 18. Based on Rudolf Steiner principles, its aim is to enable children to face life with initiative and courage and with a well-balanced cultural background. Prospectus from Secretary. (Tel. K.L. 2505.)

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WALDORF School, Hampstead, private day school for boys and girls, 4 to 18. At present children up to 10 years. Rudolf Steiner methods. HAM. 4021.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE, ETC.

BOOKSHOP with freehold & good living accom., excellent position opposite Tewkesbury Abbey, Glos. For sale by auction, April 19. Partics.: Hone, Auctioneer, Tewkesbury.

SUSSEX, one mile sea. Modernised attractive Tudor farmhouse for sale, village 2 miles Hastings (bus route). Good garden (one acre), 7 bedrooms. Apply Miss Fox, 22 Terminus Ave., Bexhill-on-Sea.

TO let. House, 30 miles Dublin. 4 bedrooms, bathroom H. & C. Ideal butler. Orchard. Outhouses. 5 acres. Rough shooting. Fishing. 5 years' lease, option buy later. £160. Preliminary interview London. State profession. Box 5356.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 1s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats., Sat. 2.30 until May 3, thereafter Weds. Sats. 2.30. Seats bookable through principal agents.

ARTS (Tem. 3334), 7 (ex. Mon.) St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "The Provoked Wife." Members.

UNITY. "How I Wonder," Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., April 11, at 7.30 p.m. Film Show including a film on the Five Year Plan. Evening meal served at 6.30. All welcome.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, Sun., Apr. 9, 7.30: "Aux Yeux du Souvenir" (A).

LONDON Symphony Orchestra. This Sun. at 3. Royal Albert Hall. Symphony No. 3 in F, Brahms. "Don Juan," Richard Strauss. Symphony No. 4 in D min., Schumann. Cond. Josef Krips. Presented by L.S.O., Ltd., in assn. with A.C. Gt. Britain. (Mgt. Harold Holt, Ltd.), 2s. to 7s. 6d. KEN. 8212.

WINIFRED Radford. Songs, rhymes and monologues in costume. Grace Shearer (piano). Thurs. next, at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall. 5s., 3s., door, Chappells, &c. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chovseux.

DANCING to Alan Kane and his music at Porchester Hall, W.2. Saturday, April 15. Tickets 4s. at door, 3s. 6d. from Workers' Music Association.

EXHIBITIONS

INDIAN Textiles Exhibition at India House, Aldwych. Mar. 17-Apr. 21. Ancient Textiles, Modern Mill and Cottage Industry Products, Cotton, Silk, Woollens, Furnishing Fabrics, Household Linen, Brocade, Jute, Coir, Carpets. Mon.-Sat. 9.30-5 p.m. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Recent Pntgs. by Peter Rose Pulham. Watercolour Drawings & Collages by E. O. Nicholson. Illus. for Rimbaud's "Une Saison en Enfer": Keith Vaughan. Until Apr. 15.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Retrospective Exhibition of A. Mintchine, 1898-1931.

PAUL Alexander Gallery. Exhib. of Woollen Textiles by Avoca Handweavers from Ireland. 190 Kensington Church St., W.8.

LITTLE Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Gerald Rowe, March 27-April 15, 1950.

ST. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Contemporary Austrian Painters. First exhibn. in England. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITION of Students' Designs for an Institute of Contemporary Arts Centre. Entrance free. 7 Bedford Square, W.C.1. Week-days 10 a.m.-5 p.m. April 4-19. (Closed April 6-10.)

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Paintings by Asian Artists in London. Until April 13.

CONTEMPORARY Furniture of new and exclusive design, as shown at the Ideal Home Exhibition, now on view at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

PHOENIX Gallery for first-class art reproductions. Let us fill up that blank wall or replace the mirror which is never looked in with colourful reproductions of Monet, Degas, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. Write for a catalogue to 38 William IV St., Charing Cross, W.C.2. (Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9.30-6.)

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Reproduction of the Radclyffe Prints of Eton, Winchester, Rugby & Charterhouse. Also Flower Paintings by Sigismund Freyhan. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.); until April 29. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Watercolours by Matthew Smith. Recent paintings by W. A. Oepts. Hours 10-6. Sat., 10-1. Exhibition closes April 22.

THE Contemporary Art Society's Exhibition of British Painting of the last 50 years on view at Tate Gallery until April 23. Week-days 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Adm. free.

TWENTY Brook St.: Paintings by Norland & Marine Subjects by M. Leszczynski.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A. Music Discussions: April 11, Music in Ballet; Chairman: Constant Lambert. April 25, Music in Opera; Chairman: Earl of Harewood. May 9, Music in Film; Chairman: Alan Rawsthorne 8 p.m. Egyptian Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Park Lane, W.1. Institute of Contemporary Arts members only. M'ship enqs. welcome, 6 Fitzroy St. W.1.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Conference Rally, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Sunday, April 9, at 7.30. Admission free. Questions and discussion.

NOMADS Club, 12 Great Newport St., W.C.1. Thurs., April 13. "Hypnotism"—Mr. Sidney Whistler expounds its History and Development. Visitors 1s. 6d. 7.45 p.m.

MAJOR E. J. Langford Garstin on "The Possible Nature of Time," on April 14, at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall. Thurs., 7.30, April 13: "The Necessity of Religion." All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Soviet Agricultural Front. Lecture by Jack Dunman on "The Application of Scientific Theory." Thurs. April 13, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

LANGUAGE & Society: The Soviet Approach. Lecture by Trevor Hill. Wed. April 12, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. April 9: Man and His Bodies.

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 15, at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean Wetz (Alliance Française): "La reconstruction en France."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"PEOPLE at Work." The Present Question Conference, 1950. Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, April 13-17. Speakers and Chairmen: John Edwards, Sir Wilfrid Garrett, E. W. Hughes, R. Latham, Prof. C. A. Mace, John A. Mack, John Marsh, Howard Marshall, Prof. S. F. Nadel, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Mrs. W. Raphael, Dr. A. Torries, H. Westmann. Enqs. Secretariat: 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

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KENT Education Committee in Association with the University of Oxford Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies. Courses for Intending Youth Employment Officers, 1950-51. The Committee and the Delegacy again propose to provide training for intending Youth Employment Officers at Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent, during the academic year 1950-51. It is expected that two courses will be provided: (i) A course lasting two terms (September-March) for candidates who have obtained certain basic qualifications in the Social Sciences, e.g. a Social Science Diploma or a Degree in relevant subjects, e.g. Sociology, Economics or Psychology. (ii) A course lasting one academic year (September-July) for certain other candidates, including (a) graduates of Universities who are not eligible for the shorter course; (b) qualified teachers; (c) other students, aged 25 or over, of good general education, who have obtained appropriate experience in industrial or social work, and have continued their general education since leaving school. The arrangements may, however, be modified when the report of the Committee on the Recruitment and Training of Youth Employment Officers is published. In the meantime provisional application for admission to either course should be made to the Tutor to Youth Employment Officers Courses, Adult Education Centre, Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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